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TO THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VII

July, 1907 to June, 1908

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INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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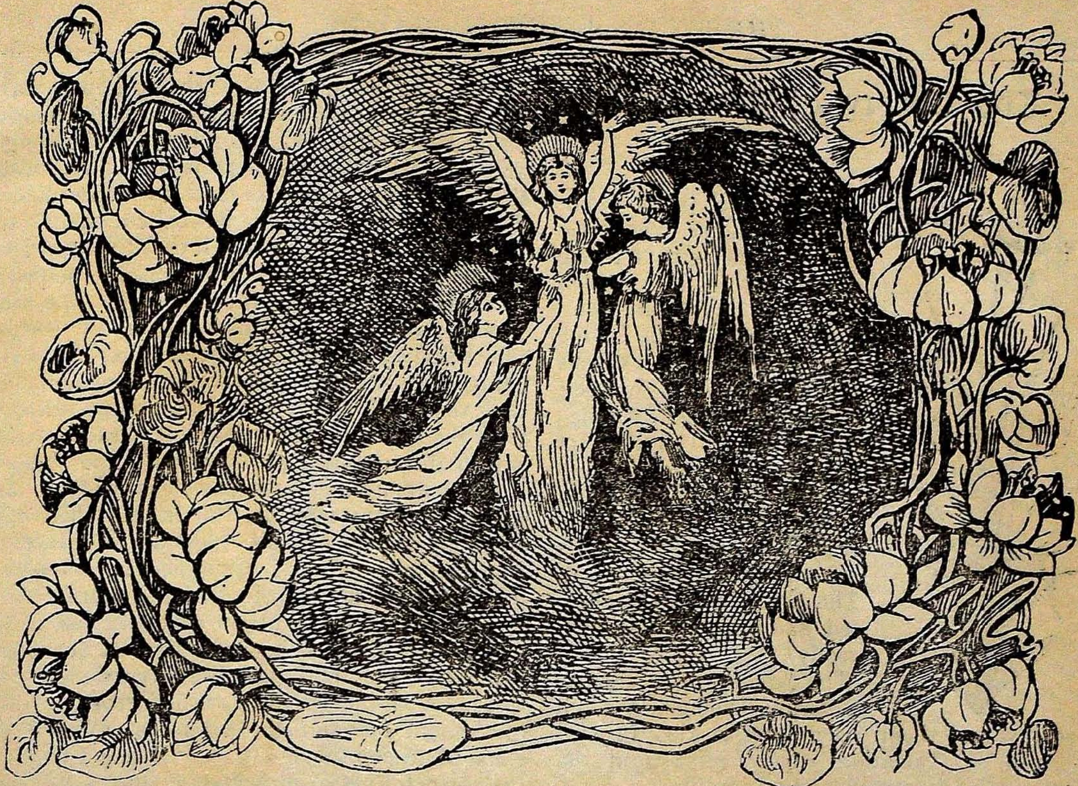
A Hindu Lady, L. M. and S. of Madras.
(See Editorial Note.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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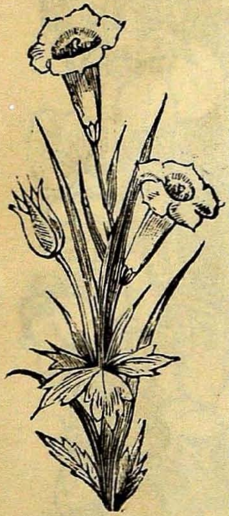
VIA CRUCIS.

It is not given to us all
To recognise the tender call
Of Love from out our pain.
Not till Love's sacrifice is raised,
And we have seen and felt and praised
The ways of Love made plain;
Not till we know Love crucified;
Not till with Love ourselves have died,
And lived in Love again.

Then comes the thrill of God's own voice
Commanding those that weep rejoice;
Then comes the Holy Dove,
The Heav'n-sent Messager Who brings
The gift of Peace upon His wings,
Dear legacy of Love.
Then we who suffer find on earth
Our own communion in Love's birth
Of Life from God above.

We cannot to the world impart
What Love can write on ev'ry heart
That feels the touch divine.
We cannot to another teach
A knowledge deeper than all speech,
Than earthly thought more fine.
But we can live the Love we know,
And consecrate each day, to show
How clear God's light doth shine?

The Theory of Emotion.



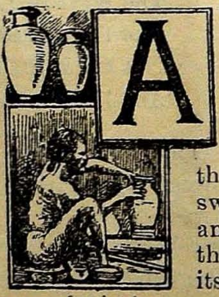
WHAT is an Emotion? The name is given to a class of feelings which have one quality in common. There can be feeling without Emotion, such as organic secretions, hunger, thirst, burning, freezing; these affect the body, but not necessarily the mind. You cannot, however, have an Emotion without feeling. A state of Emotion is completely a state of mind. The mind is primarily affected, and the body only indirectly.

The Emotions pre-suppose Conative Tendencies and also involve them. Cognition is also implied as well as Conation. They arise from the thwarting or forwarding of an impulse.

Thus, when escape from a danger is prevented, a paralysing is the consequence; or, when we find ourselves in an awkward position, such as a social dilemma or a sudden emergency,—when in fact, our powers will not adjust themselves to our environment—Fear again arises in us. It is a different Emotion from the first, however, and its outward signs are different. In the first case, (where danger to life is threatened) the hair bristles, the eyes start, and we feel literally rooted to the ground. In the second case, we betray our emotion by awkward movements, set teeth, blushing, etc: Anger is the result of the thwarting of our bad will, or moral principle. The former we call 'Temper,' the latter 'Wrath'. Joy comes from the forwarding or accomplishment of a much-desired end. It has been aptly defined as "The protest of reality against the tyranny of fiction with the Emotions." The emotional mood must not be confounded with the emotion. The mood persists long after the emotion has disappeared, even as the waves of the sea, continue to roll after the storm has abated. The individual who has felt grief, anger, Happiness, or Jealousy, is surrounded by a halo of gloom, fretfulness, serenity, or suspicion for some time after the original Emotion has left him. We see an example of this in a man, whose anger is started, let us say, by a bad dinner when he is tired. Long after the dinner is over, he will continue to grumble and fume, the original cause seems to have coloured all his mental horizon for the time. This is the ebb of the Emotion, not the original wav Neither must the signs that accompany Emotio be mistaken for the Emotion itself. These sign are probably the relics of some useful manifestation, which our ancestors used to accentuate o diminish feeling. Darwin has called them "serviceable associated habits." If they followed upon a pleasurable Emotion, they probably helped to increase that Emotion, if on a painful one, they probably helped to diminish feeling by turning the thoughts, into a would-be channel of escape. Thus, in joy, the action of running about and clapping the hands tends to exhilaration, while in pain the actions of writhing and contortion imply an abortive attempt to escape. The signs of Anger are many. Frowns and clenched teeth and hands probably refer to the time, when man tried to make himself hideous in order to frighten his enemy. Blushing is a purely emotional sign, and is strictly confined to human beings. The origin probably lies in the fact that the face has been the revealer of thought for generations, and that the knowledge that this must be so, has led to a still further betrayal of thought and self-consciousness. What is the cause of an emotion? Herbert Spencer tells us that pain, for instance, is largely due to the memory of past pain. That the toothoche, foreshadowed by a premonitory twinge is but the accumulation of the experience of past tooth-aches. This view is now considered wrong. William James' theory finds much more favour. He says that an Emotion is a pure sensation, that a real physical change takes place, owing to the nervous shock, affecting circulation and secretions which the Emotion engenders.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

Types of Hindu Women.



A FEW days ago, as I was looking out through an open window of my house in a hill-station, I saw an eagle hovering over a low valley. Lower and lower the bird circled, suddenly it swooped down, rose up again, and was lost to view. What, I thought to myself, had been its object, and had it been successful in its quest? I could not see into the valley, which was hidden from me by many elevations and depressions. Suddenly, a comparison occurred to me. How like the eagle were the social reformers of our India. They

over over our poor world, they see evils which seem to need an immediate plucking-out, they swoop down, some are successful, some are disappointed. At the present stage of our Indian life, single grievances alone, one at a time, can be redressed. Concerted and unanimous action seems impossible on a large scale ; and yet, how necessary it is ! And, as one reformer works, other reformers look on with unseeing and ununderstanding eyes. We stand, as it were, on an elevation, and look down upon the world over hills and valleys of opinion, and through a shrouding mist of prejudice. How I wish we could all work together ! And yet it must be remembered that to the keen eye of the eagle alone, is prey visible at a certain distance, through which meaner eyes cannot pierce. And, therefore, all honour to our successful and zealous reformers !

One of the greatest evils of our Indian life, which cry aloud for instant reform, is the low position of the Indian woman. Our reformers are very anxious about the question, and are doing their best to redress the grievance and yet it seems to me that they are very ignorant of the capacity of our Indian woman for great things. True it is, that the very fact that they expect her to be one of the saving powers of India, speaks of the high opinion they have of her. Still, she is a closed book to the world. And yet how admirable a creature can an Indian woman become ! Quoting from a beautiful poem of Sarojini Naidu, we may say of the future Indian woman what the talented Indian poetess says in connection with another subject :

" She sways like a flower in the wind of our song ;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song,
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride."

Our Indian women are not all cast in the same mould—there are many types of them. The *Purdah Nashin* for instance,—what sweeter picture can we have than Sarojini Naidu's sketch of her !—

" Her life is a revolving dream
Of languid and sequestered ease ;
Her girdles and her fillets gleam ;
Like changing fires on sunset seas ;
Her raiment is like morning mist,
Shot opal, gold and amethyst.
From thieving light of eyes impure,
From coveting sun or wind's caress,
Her days are guarded and secure
Behind her carven lattices,
Like jewels in a turbaned crest,
Like secrets in a lover's breast".

A pretty picture this, but so we may sing of the caged bird, of the hedged-in flower. The days are gone by for the *Purdah Nashin* to be a favourite. We want cultivated women of the world, and we seem to get them, too, with a vengeance—if we may implicitly believe the caricature which an Indian lady draws of "the reformed" women of North-eastern India: " She is doubtless a graduate or close upon it. She wears garments robbed of their original grace and meaning, ...In the duties of the household, she has never been trained, and her time she divides between the worst type of cheap yellow-back literature, and a wrangle for bargains in Western manufactures at cheap 'Europe' shops. I have seen her, by twenties, issuing from the summer sales laden with fans and ribbons and gloves, the colours she has put together in her garments making great scars across one's vision. On the same sad pattern are the furnishings of her home. Her children will appear in tight garments of plush or velveteen, looking like quaint little marionettes in this awful travesty of clothing........"

But, Heaven be thanked ! Such types are rare indeed among Indian women—at least, we may say they are so in Southern India, and at any rate, our fear of such a type need not debar us from trying to raise the Indian woman from her life of seclusion ; for, speaking of the poor caged *Purdah Nashin*,

" But, though no hand unsanctioned dares
Unveil the mysteries of her grace,
Time lifts the curtain unawares,
And sorrow looks into her face......
Who shall prevent the subtle years,
Or shield a woman's eyes from tears."

Who indeed ?

But, let us turn to the bright side of the picture. Imagine the sweet, true, Indian woman, being moulded by education into the proper type of womanhood that we long for. She has passed, or is passing safely, through the necessary transitional stage. She has kept her pretty national dress, with the necessary convenient alterations, and is a picturesque figure in her lovely draperies. She has kept her Vernacular, and uses it constantly, at the same knowing the English language fairly well. She is a perfect house-wife and yet—to use a Biblical proverb—she is not altogether a Martha ; she is a Mary as well, for she sits at the feet of her husband and allows him to guide her in her studies. She leaves time for her reading and tries to read 'nice books.' If she does not altogether understand her husband's pursuits, she tries to listen intelligently to him and encourages him to make of her a companion to himself. She is an excellent mother, does not spoil her children, and yet is adored by them, for she tries to enter into all their pursuits—their lessons and their play. Perhaps her house is furnished both in an Indian and in an English style, but the combination is

harmonious, everything is neat, and there is a picturesque Indian air about it all. She does not seclude herself within the four walls of her house, but she walks with her husband, drives with him, goes to social gatherings, and enjoys herself in pleasant and sober happiness. And withal, there is an air of gentle and serious dignity about her, a charming reserve, which is essentially Indian, and with which she wins the chivalry and respect of the men with whom she comes in contact. She is,—, but why enlarge on perhaps an impossible ideal—or at least an ideal, which cannot, perhaps, be realized for years yet to come. Let us satisfy ourselves with the thought that it will come. We know the proverb, "Every lane has a turning."

There is another type of Hindu woman as well—the ordinary every-day Hindu woman. We can trace her life from the beginning. Perhaps, when she was born, she was quite unwelcome to her father, for his desire was for a son; but I think her mother received her with open arms. Like all babies, she has a vacant vacuous look on her face. But I have heard English ladies say that Indian babies are charming with their black hair and lovely black eyes. I think they are. In any case, their features seem more formed than those of English babies. But, to come back to our Indian girl,—she grows up from a happy baby, guarded carefully by innumerable ceremonies against evil eyes and unhappy spirits, into a happy little girl. Round-limbed and chubby, she plays about as happily as any English child and has as many doll-fetishes—though not perhaps of the same kind—as the latter. Gradually, she grows older and with her little *Kornat Sari*, with her black hair combed into a shining plait behind and twisted with jasmines and sweet-smelling leaves, with golden bracelets on her arms, silver anklets on her feet, and pretty jewels pierced into her ears and nose, with her black eyes staring in round-eyed wonder from her fair face, with her pale pink lips curved into an innocent smile—She presents a charming sight. She goes to school, enjoys her lessons and does fairly well in them. She loves the kindergarten exercises and the games of the school and is very happy in the company of her school-mates. At home she is happy in the usual occupations of girls. Besides, she has the innumerable ceremonies of the many Hindu feasts to employ herself with. There is the feast of the *Dasara*, for which she has to get all her dolls and cherished play-things into array. The Hindu girl carefully preserves her dolls for this very feast; and, when the time comes, she arranges them all in grand order, perhaps under a gaily-decorated canopy, and gets her friends to look at them. Then there is the *Depavali* feast or feast of lamps. For this, she takes delight in arranging lighted lamps in her house, in rows and circles of different patterns, and, like all children, she is very happy in exploding fireworks and crackers. Then there is the *Pongul* feast, in which the women play a great part. Every morning of the feast, they prepare a small patch of ground outside the door, smear it with cow-dung, draw cunningly-traced patterns of white on it with chalk or rice-flour, and place on it several pellets of cow-dung, each adorned with a pumpkin flower. Oh yes! the Hindu girl's life is a happy one; but the pity of it is that she is taught, and brought up with, thoughts and ideas, which are too grown-up for her, and the consequence is that she leaves her childhood behind very quickly. The pity of it is also that she is married so early in life. For the time being, marriage is but a grand game to her, in which she plays the most important part. She is petted and feted, she wears grand clothes and lovely jewels, and she is very happy. But she has to leave school. Perhaps, however, a teacher comes round to give her education. She is taught to sing and play to the Violin and does it very charmingly.

Soon, however, the time comes when the little petted girl has to go to her mother-in-law's house, where sometimes she is happy and sometimes she is not. Then we get the type of the gentle, submissive Hindu wife. "Up with the dawn, she bathes and worships; worships her own special godling and tends her sacred plant, then draws from some ancestral well the water for the household needs, scorning no domestic duty. Further domesticitics occupy the day, with perchance a little gossip in the house-place ere the evening meal brings fresh need for a skilful house-mother. She waits upon her husband while he feeds; silent in his presence with down-cast eyes, to look him in the face were bold indeed. Perhaps, he talks to her of village or family interests; she would not think it strange, did he not. The boy? Ah! yes; he is a tie. Encouraged by her husband, she will quote his sayings, or boast his feats and feignings. But there is no evening home life. After feeding, the man seeks his men companions. So watch the little lady clean her pots and hie her safe to bed content."

A happy life for some women; but what of the longings and the discontented whispers, which arise in other women's hearts? Are they not to be considered? Besides, there is the august mother-in-law to reckon with. If the little wife is meek and does not try to gain an ascendancy over her husband, the old lady perhaps, is kind to her, while she gives the willing shoulders more work to do. But if the daughter-in-law is sullen and spiteful, woe

be to her ! And then in time the little wife herself goes old, to tyrannise in her turn as the mother-in-law, and indulge in little scandals and gossip. Or, she may develop into that rare being—a good mother-in-law, and live out a happy old age, loved and admired by her little grand-children and by all those around her. Or—but Heaven save her from this !—she may become a widow, and then woe be to her again! A thousand chances to one, she will become an unhappy sullen, useless individual, always bemoaning her hard lot; or—taking the one chance out of the hundred—she will grow into a contented frame of mind, sorry for herself no doubt, but not imposing her sorrow on others ; but, on the other hand, making herself useful and living for the happiness of those around her. It is such women, I think who will be among the most potential factors of the regenerating forces of India.

PADMINI.

Literature in Prison.

IT must be sickeningly sad for the poor Captive to pine for fresh air, the loved flowers, and the sweet harmony of the woods. It must be heartrending for the poet to be torn from his favourite bower, for the philosopher to be torn from the fields of his research, to pass the remainder of his days in close imprisonment. Yet we find that many, in their prison, have wisely devoted themselves to their favourite studies, and in many cases have produced during their imprisonment beautiful works well worth preservation to all posterity. We shall begin with those noble Captives, who had once worn the golden crown—Kings fallen from their high estate,—and then turn to those whose brows had been circled by the laurel wreath—authors forcibly transplanted from their evergreen retreats into barren place.

Richard I., styled Coeur-de-Lion, beguiled his prison hours in the composition of poems, which he poured forth in the Provencal language, because he admired its sweetness. He wrote some sonnets, which he sent to Beatrix, Countess of Provence, sister of Leonora, wherein he complains against his barons for letting him lie so long in idle captivity. Though these royal sonnets have been stigmatised by some as "*poor compositions*," yet they, no doubt, served to please the author and the lady to whom they were addressed.

Edward II. is said to have written various poems during his imprisonment at Berkley Castle. Thomas Heywood says that in his time (1615) many of Edward's penitential effusions were still extant.

James I. of Scotland, while kept a prisoner in Windsor Castle by Henry IV., composed his beautiful allegory, the *King's Quhair*, the finest poem that had yet been produced in the English language, if we except the works of Chaucer. It was occasioned by James's passion for the Lady Joanna Beaufort, a young personage of distinguished beauty, with whom he fell in love from the moment when he saw her from the window of his apartments, as she took her walks in the Castle gardens. James also relieved the loneliness of his prison by reading that wonderful book, '*Consolations of Philosophy*.'

Queen Elizabeth, who wrote many poems when in prison, bewailed her fate in these words :

> Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state
> Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit !
> Witness this present prison, whither fate
> Could bear me and the joys I quit,.......etc.

The accomplished Lady Jane Grey, and her cousin, Queen Mary of Scotland, both solaced hours of captivity, destined to terminate only on the scaffold, by learned studies.

Charles I., when imprisoned in Carisbrook Castle, wrote "Majesty in misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings" a poem which, whatever may be thought of its literary merits, is extremely interesting on account of the very pathetic allusions it contains.

Arthur Capell—"Lion-like Capell" the first Lord Capell of Hadham, who was beheaded shortly after the death of Charles I, for adherence to that king's cause, wrote, whilst in prison, the following excellent lines :

> That which the world miscalls a jail,
> A private closet is to me ;
> Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
> And innocence my liberty.
> Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
> Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland, having incurred the displeasure of James I., for his connection with the Gunpowder plot, was sentenced by the Court of the Star Chamber to pay a fine of fifty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of London during the remainder of his life. The venerable old man relieved his tedious imprisonment in the pursuit of literature, mathematics and more especially natural philosophy to which he was much attached.

So far we have spoken of the literary pursuits of imprisoned royalty and nobility. Now

let us turn to those persons who were authors by profession.

While Socrates was in prison, he wrote a poetical version of Æsop's Fables, and when the executioner brought him the fatal cup containing the poisonous juice of hemlock, the philosopher was composing a hymn to Apollo. He finished it, and after he had made a libation to the gods, he received the cup with composure and drank off its contents with an unaltered countenance, and in a few minutes afterwards died.

Tasso produced several of the ablest of his minor pieces both in verse and in prose when he was shut up in a cell of the Monastery at Ferrara, under the imputation of being deranged in mind.

Buchanan commenced his elegant Latin version of the Psalms while lying in prison at Coimbra, in Portugal.

It was also while he was a captive soldier in a Portuguese dungeon that Bejohnson composed his equally celebrated Latin version of the Psalms.

Christopher Stuart, while confined in a mad house, wrote, with charcoal, various religious poems on the walls of his cell. One of these effusions is the fine song of David.

Richard Lovelace wrote several poems during his imprisonment, and amongst them, was a song to Althea, which was set to music by Dr. John Wilson. The last verse is simply admirable, and will remind the reader of Lord Capell's verse, already quoted.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free ;
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

James Montgomery's political writings, in the "Sheffield Register," of which he was the editor, entailed upon him in 1795, the sentence of nine months' imprisonment in York Castle. While there, he wrote several pieces 'in bitter moments, amidst the horrors of a jail, under the pressure of sickness.' The first poem in his book is To a Robin, that daily visited the prisoner's window ; the second is, To the Moon that was wont to "*Gild the prison's sullen walls*" ; the third, To a Captive Nightingale, the fourth, To the Evening Star, in which he thus speaks of himself :

A sorely hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here.

"The Consolations of Philosophy", an excellent work, was written in the sixteenth century by Boethius, while detained under sentence of death in the Tower of Pavia.

Cervantes, when a soldier, and under five years' unjust imprisonment in Algiers, wrote the first part of his celebrated work, "Don Quixote." The adventurous but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his great work, "A History of the World" (1614), while he was confined in the Tower of London on a charge of high treason. John Bunyan, who was imprisoned twelve years in Bedford jail, not only supported himself and his family by *tagging laces*, but composed during his leisure moments that immortal allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. Freind wrote his entertaining and valuable 'History of Medicine' while he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, on suspicion of having had a hand in Bishop Atterbury's plot. Michael Hudson, during his imprisonment in the Tower, composed his 'Divine Right of Natural and Politique Government.' Lorenzo Lorenzino, a learned Italian of the early part of the last century, relieved the weariness of an imprisonment of nearly twenty years by composing a treatise of Comic Sections.

Madame Roland was imprisoned for having quietly lent her assistance to the political labours of her husband, who was Home Minister of France, during the Revolution. Every page of her work "*An Appeal tc Impartial Posterity*" shows that her great anxiety and chief design was to repel the unjust charges heaped upon her husband, and to do honour to his memory, in case he himself should not have it in his power to write his last justification. Her editor assures us that she composed the 786 octavo pages of her work in the short space of seven weeks, while her own fate—death at the block—was before her eyes, and the fate of her beloved husband was in suspense. Though she thus wrote in the most trying sorrows, her manuscript had scarcely any erasure. She was executed in November 1793, and her husband, unable to endure her loss, committed suicide.

We have very hastily given a few instances of men and women who devoted themselves to literature under the most trying circumstances, and left to posterity good and useful works. We hope it will be a source of pleasure to all lovers of literature to note in the course of their reading other instances of literary, scientific and artistic work done by men and women while in prison, or under equally trying situations.

R. P. R.

The Theory of Evolution as held by Professor Haeckel.

The gradual development of man from Bathybius* is thus stated by Haeckel in his History of Creation, and implied in his Evolution of Man.

STEP 1.—Minute portions of structureless protoplasms—the monera of to-day—"Organisms without Organs." In the course of time, by differentiation, an inner kernel was developed, and thus there were produced—

STEP 2.—Single-celled creatures, like the amœba of the present day. In the process of time these primordial creatures became sponges.

STEP 3.—These associated amœba gave birth to ciliated larva, which, by natural selection, produced a new race of beings, *viz.*:

STEP 4.—Simple-stomached animals—primitive worms which, after untold ages, gave rise to—

STEP 5.—Gliding worms, which, not being content, we must suppose with their lowly estate, determined to improve their conditions and so gave birth to—

STEP 6.—Soft worms—the scolecida. These creatures, by some unaccountable means, formed for themselves a true body cavity, and managed somehow or other—the Professor does not say how—to possess blood. In the course of ages these soft worms gave rise to—

STEP 7.—Sack-worms, which originated out of the former creatures by the formation of a dorsal nerve, and by the formation of a spinal rod, which lies between it. After many ages these creatures produced—

STEP 8.—Skulless animals like the present lancelet. These wise animals managed to produce a progeny in which the sexes were separate. In the course of time these creatures gave birth to quite a different race altogether, and thus were formed—

STEP 9.—Single-nostrilled animals, which were developed out of the former by the anterior end of the dorsal marrow forming itself into a brain, and the chord into a skull. In the course of ages these creatures evolved themselves into—

STEP 10.—Primæval fish. In these animals the nostril divided itself; a double nervous system was evolved; jaws were formed; a swim-bladder made its appearance; and two pairs of legs were developed; and so was produced—

STEP 11.—The mud-fish, somewhat like the present salamander, and this was effected by the adaptation of life on land. The swim-bladder was now made into an air-breathing lung, and thus were produced—

STEP 12.—Gilled amphibia, such as are met with in the present day. In the course of ages these creatures were evolved into—

STEP 13.—Tailed amphibia. These creatures accustomed themselves to breathe only by means of gills in the early stages of their life, and in the latter stages through lungs. In the course of ages these gave birth to—

STEP 14.—The primæval amniota. These were evolved out of *an unknown tailed amphibian*, by the loss of gills. Strange to say, the organs of tears were now developed. How wonderful! After many ages these creatures were evolved into animals with hairs and mammary glands, and so—

STEP 15.—Primary mammals, closely related to the ornithorhynchus of the present day, were produced. By degrees these monotremata produced—

STEP 16.—Pouched animals. In the course of time one of these marsupial creatures produced—

STEP 17.—Semi-apes, which, in the lapse of ages, produced the animals of the narrow-nosed monkey tribe, and out of these were evolved—

STEP 18.—The tailed apes of the New World, which, in the course of ages, produced—

STEP 19.—The man-like apes (anthropoides) which, in the process of time, lost their tail and a portion of the hairy covering on the back. Poor things! How much inconvenience they must have suffered on this account! When speaking of these creatures the Professor says:—

"*There do not exist direct human ancestors amongst the anthropoides of the present day, but they certainly existed among the unknown extinct human apes of the Miocene period.*"

We beg the reader to mark this assumption, "*they certainly existed,*" that is, they existed in the Professor's imagination. In the face of this assumption, however, Professor Haeckel continues his steps in the development of man as if it were a thing of certainty, and states that in the process of time these man-like apes produced—

STEP 20.—Ape-like men. In the course of time out of these was evolved—

STEP 21.—Man, who was developed out of the former race by the gradual development of

* Bathybius is the name given to the amorphous protoplasm in its simplest character.

the brain and the larynx, so that language and mental power were the result. All these changes were produced by natural selection, resulting in "the survival of the fittest."

Such is the creed of the learned Professor, and such must be, he says, the creed of every man who claims to be scientific. "We must," writes the Professor, "either accustom ourselves to the idea that all the various species of animals and plants, man also included, originated independently of each other by the supernatural process of a divine creation—or we are compelled to accept the theory of Descent in its entirety, and trace the human race, equally with the various animal and plant species, from an entirely simple primæval parent form. Between these two assumptions, there is no third course; either a blind belief in creation, or a scientific theory of evolution."

"Reflection" (From The Celtic.)

THE Irish hold a superstition that the "Banshee," a pale woman in a red cloak, visits the spirit of man in the twilight hour, wooing him with tender fancies that dispel the impressions of the day. Should he, however, try to gaze upon her face, she flies from his presence and her going is the harbinger of Death for no man may look on her face and live.

The symbol I take it is that "Reflection" defies Inspection, the very desire to analyse the metaphysical proving us to be no longer wrapped about with "Such stuff as dreams are made of"—the return to solid reality proving our mortality.

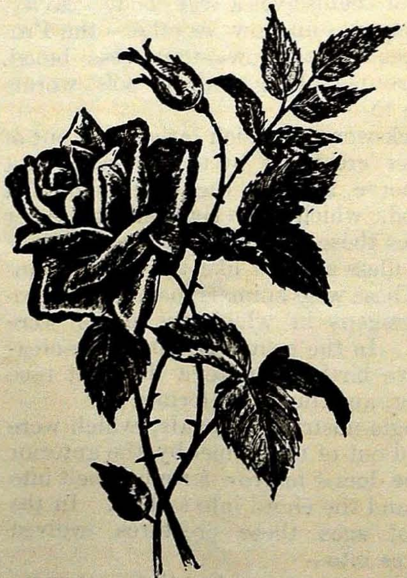
"REFLECTION."

The day has drawn to a close, its cares,
Its joys, its struggles, its work and play,
As you sit in the fire-light's fancies fair,
People the glow and the embers grey.
Dreamily, distantly out of the smoke
(While the senses yield to the soul's embrace)
Comes a little white lady in a red cloak
With head averted to hide her face.
Softly she touches you; need you start?
Welcome her tenderly, bid her rest.
Of the day that is past she's the only part
That now claims kingdom within your breast.
She is the Banshee, a wanderer she,
As long as the busy worlds awake.
But at night-fall treading full timidly
She softly enters her part to take.
Crowns have faded that glittered gold
Princely purple is ashen grey;
Passion's ardour is dead and cold;
The world at her coming has passed away;
The longing that knows no earthly goals,
The sombre shadow of earth's decay,
Feelings that fetter the striving soul,
There at her coming have passed away.
Her clinging mantle is red as wine
And her hand as white as the drifting snow
But woe betide him—who would divine
The face that she does not deign to show.
"Look not into my face, she cries;
"Spelling the secret that's hid from day."
"For the very moment you read my eyes"
"I and my kingdom pass away."
She touches your brow with a wooing hand
Bidding you only her secret keep
Lover-like moving thro' halcyon lands
To the Garden-City Whose gate is Sleep.

FLORENCE WETHERELL.

"Red Roses."

AN OLD LEGEND RE-TOLD.



LONG ago there lived a very poor and pious young girl. Her only treasure was a young rose tree, which she tended and watered with great care, watching eagerly, for its first flower At last a bud came, and one morning she found a deep red rose unfolded in all its freshness and beauty; dewdrops hung like diamonds on its petals, and its sweet odour filled the air around.

Great was the delight of the maiden as she gazed on the reward of her care and toil. Then

sadness came over her. She longed to make an offering at the shrine in the little chapel near by, but she was too poor to buy even a candle, such as most poor folks could afford to offer; and a voice seemed to whisper, "give your rose." Must she part with it, the beautiful blossom for which she had watched and waited so long? Was there nothing else she could give?

Alas, no; she possessed not a trinket, not an ornament, not a bead even, nothing save the scant clothing she wore.

Stay! had not the good God given her the rose tree? And did she grudge Him one flower. Oh shame!

The short struggle was over, she plucked the rose, and hastening to the chapel placed it on the shrine, and falling on the ground, with tears besought pardon for her selfishness, in desiring to retain it.

From henceforth, each rose as it opened was carried to the shrine, and, if a day passed, when there were none to offer, the maiden was distressed and sad.

The cold weather came, the rose tree ceased to bloom, and the maiden fell sick with a sickness unto death. She herself and those around her, knew that she must die. She was not sorry to leave this world, where her life had been one of toil and poverty, but she feared her soul would not be able to find the path to the gate of heaven.

Once more came the voice that had whispered "give your rose," and it now said, "fear not, follow the roses", and lo! when her soul was freed from the body, and sought its path, she found it marked out for her by a trail of rich red rose leaves; guided by which, she passed upward to a glorious golden gate, which opened on her approach, and she passed into the abode of eternal bliss.

The red rose as we all know is the symbol of love, and dear sisters, let us strive each day, to offer up some little act of love, self-sacrifice, and unselfishness; and, when we die, these little works of love, we scattered day by day, will guide us to gain admittance into the new life of everlasting happiness.

ALICE MAUDE COCKERTON.

All, all is harmony! the deep blue seas,
The purling rivulet's sweet murmuring,
The lamb's low bleat, the busy hum of bees,
The bird that soars on heaven-directed wing,
All taught by Nature Nature's music sing:
And to the heart this simple melody,
A tide of rapturous thought and pleasure bring;
For who but with a grateful soul would cry;
By Nature's voice we know that Nature's God is nigh.

H. H. Mangala Bai

(A LADY ARTIST, THE SISTER OF THE LATE MR. RAVI VARMA, THE WELL-KNOWN INDIAN ARTIST).

MANGALA Bai, who is generally known outside the family circle as 'Kochu Chothi Thirunal Ama Tampuran, was born on the 6th March, 1866, in her ancestral house of Kilimunoor Palace. Her mother was 'Umamba Bai', who was endowed with musical and artistic tastes, and who also was the author of some Sanskrit and Malayalam works. Her father, Nilukanda Bhattathiri of Ezhumavu Illam, a respectable Namboori family in Kunnathunad Taluq in North Travancore, was well versed in the Vedas, a specialist in the diseases of children, and also one who knew everything that a Brahmin ought to know. Both the parents took a great interest in the education of their children. Mangala Bai was the youngest of the seven children of her revered mother, of whom three daughters passed away in their infancy. Her brothers were Mr. Ravi Varma, the eldest (The great Indian Artist), Goda Varma, the father of Mr. Ravi Varma Raja, and C. Raja Raja Varma (another Artist). It was from her mother, that 'Mangala Bai' and her brothers inherited their taste for music and fine arts. When she was five years old she was placed under Govinda Pillai Asan, the family tutor, who had a fair knowledge of Sanskrit and was a clever astrologer of those days, and from him she acquired a good knowledge of Malayalam in a few years.

It was in those years that she studied elementary lessons in music from the family musician, Subramania Bhagavathar. She continued her musical studies until a few years back under the tuition of the late Mr. Raghupathy Bhagavathar, one of the celebrated musicians of the Maharaja's Palace. Since she has a sweet voice, she sings very excellently several of the songs composed by the late Swathi Thirunal Maharaja, Thyagaraja, &c. On several occasions, she has been called to the Court of Her Highness, the late Senior Ranee, at Trivandram, for the purpose of playing her music, and has been presented with rich awards for her merit. Her Highness Sri Lakshmi Bai, C. I., the late senior Ranee of Travancore,

who was one of the greatest authorities in music, used to say often, "I am particularly pleased with the sweet music of my dear Mangala."

She has got only a general knowledge of Sanskrit since she has not devoted much time for it. She has not studied English, as it was not generally taught then to the female members of her family. In her eighth year, her uncle Mr. Raja Raja Varma, the then artist Coil Tampuran of Kilimunoor and Master of Mr. Ravi Varma, took her also among his students in the drawing class. She made great progress in her drawing in a very short time. One day, one of Mr. Raja Raja Varma's students, a man who was in the advanced class of painting, was executing a miniature painting on ivory, of Vishnu Maya playing at ball. In the evening, as usual, while he was examining his students' works, Mr. Raja Raja Varma found a mistake in the execution of the loose cloth about the divine image, called all his students and asked them to find a mistake, if there was any, in the picture. There was no answer to this question, except the one that came from the little 'Mangala Bai,' though the question was a too high one for her standard. This showed her great taste in painting.

Even after her marriage in her eleventh year, she received lessons in painting from her uncle, among the other students, for two years more ; after which she had to discontinue them according to the family custom. On the death of her uncle, Mr. Raja Raja Varma, in 1883, she had, thereafter, to work alone with her brother's paintings as her models. Though she is an amateur painter, her works are appreciated by the many who happen to see them. Mr. Ravi Varma had often been heard saying "had my sister been a man or even had the opportunity of studying painting systematically, she would have become one of the first class artists of the day." She has often painted the pictures of Hindu gods and goddesses and some portraits, at the request of some of the leading gentlemen of Malabar. The unexpected deaths of her three brothers which happened in close succession within three years--now she is alone out of seven—have been the greatest blow to her heart. Since their features are now fresh in her mind, she has made up her mind to occupy herself in painting their portraits. She has now painted the portrait of her eldest brother, Mr. Ravi Varma, and has sent it to be exhibited in the coming Fine Arts Exhibition at Madras. Every one who sees the picture admits that it bears a very true likeness to Mr. Ravi Varma. She has two sons and one daughter who are 19, 14 and 7 years old, respectively, and they are also gifted with artistic and musical tastes. The two brothers who are named after their uncles—Ravi Varma, and Raja Raja Varma, are now practising the art of painting under their mother. The eldest son, Ravi Varma, has recently painted two pictures and presented them to His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, who was very much pleased with them.

Mangala Bai is, by nature, of a mild and gentle disposition, very kind-hearted and ever ready to help the needy and the poor. She is also a great supporter of Female Education.

Now that she has sent her first painting to the Fine Arts Exhibition, we can hope to see several other works also of hers, for all her paintings show that she is in no way inferior to Mr. Ravi Varma. We wish her long life and still greater success.

R. KULATHU AIYER.

British Girls and their Ways.

THE term "girls" is very elastic in its application in Britain. Though those who are in their "teens" and especially those that have just passed their 'sweet seventeen,' would wish to be dubbed young ladies, still one would not be violating the sanction of custom by applying the term 'girl,' even to those well nigh thirty. In man's vulgar dialect, any unmarried woman might, with impunity, be called a girl. Sometimes women who have passed five-and-forty years of their life, would deem it a compliment to be addressed as girls, while wee kiddies feel elated by being called young women. British women would wish to be girls all their life, though much earlier in their life they would have longed for the day when they might have their hair done up. They evince a decided dread of becoming old, any day of their life. Women at sixty would keep up their loveliness by a liberal use of the rouge, and elderly ladies at seventy would wish to see themselves in the morning papers described as charming hostesses, gay and pretty, looking well under thirty years of age. If life has a purpose, and is not intended for mere butterfly existence, one does not see, (I mean from man's point of view) the rationality of loathing old age and taking delight in perpetual youth. I should drop the question here, for, I am aware that the greatest crime a man could commit is to discuss a woman's age ! From the physiological point of view, the period of girlhood is longer by about half-a-dozen years in Britain than in India. The social customs and habits of the people in this country tend to make girls grow prematurely old, whereas, in Britain, quite the opposite state of affairs prevails.

This long period of girlhood affords plenty of opportunities for the development of womanhood, in all its various phases. From the physical point of view, till they attain the age of twenty, the girls in Britain are given every opportunity to satisfy their sporting instincts. The scientific expert opinion might be divided as regards the value of vigorous physical exercise to girls and women, like cycling, cricket, football, &c., but none could gainsay the importance of ordinary games and sports to the physical development of women. The strong bone and muscle which the British woman possesses in a high degree, her love of independence and self-reliance, her application of fair play and pluck, and her desire to imitate and checkmate man, derive their inspiration mainly from the sporting grounds and athletic clubs.

Marriage is not the destined end of the British girl. Like every other girl in the world, she likes, no doubt, to be well married. But she believes, often rightly too, that marriage is at best a lottery, with far-reaching consequences. Hence she errs on the side of prudence. No doubt, the right man could be found, but he often lurks behind the veil of time and circumstance. What chance is there then of her running against the desirable sort of a man? Numerically women exceed men, and, therefore, all women cannot possibly be married in their own country. Hence, marriage has lost its inevitability for the British girl, and she is brought up by her parents more often for a "calling" than for the marriage market.

The unmarried woman is not a nonentity in Britain; she has her say in most things. Her influence is very great, not only on her own sex, but also on the sterner one. Every girl is taught to be independent and earn a livelihood in case of any emergency. The British girl has, no doubt, her moments of seriousness, but her love for variety makes her look a little frivolous. In this connection I must note that the remote chance of marriage and the wear-and-tear of business have made the British girl take too much to gaiety, amusement, and entertainment, which, in a way, unfits her for the higher responsibilities of her sex.

But, with all her faults, I must own, the British girl is a loveable creature! She is free, perfectly free in man's company. There is no nonsense about her. She takes a great deal of liberty herself, and though she may be accused of giving liberties to man at times, still she knows how to conduct herself with dignity and charm in his company, and while still young, her lot is thrown among boys, and boys and girls thus grow up together. Therefore, the mysterious attitude of the sex, arising from mutual ignorance, vanishes, and man is taken at his real worth.

She is a creature of strong and intense feelings, with an inclination towards the romantic in love affairs; hence, run-away marriages are not so rare as one would imagine even to this day in Britain. Nevertheless, she does not distrust a man, and often takes him at his word. She receives and answers letters, exchanges picture post-cards and makes appointments without much embarrassment on either side, provided the "Mater" does not object to it. It must be said that British mothers give their girls a great deal of liberty and do not interfere without a good cause. By the frequent and open mingling of the sexes, the British girl gets the opportunity of stamping her individuality, if she has any, on man and at the same time, learns to adapt herself to what she deigns to call man's eccentricities and whims. She knows what man expects of her. It is often said that philosophy does not sit with a good grace on a woman. There may be some truth in the statement. But in Britain one often comes across instances, which makes one rub one's eyes. Occasionally, one finds women rising up to any emergency in life and reconciling themselves to their conditions with a philosophic cheerfulness, which astounds the most practical of modern men! Not long ago, I happened to visit a lady friend of mine, at the sea-side in Scotland. She is very well connected and naturally she has an independent means of her own. A most charming woman she is, being both clever and pretty, and her "At Homes" and "Parties" were amongst the most fashionable in the city. Considerations of health made it necessary for her to go to the sea-side and give up, though reluctantly, her city home. At the seaside she could live as gaily as one might in the city. Naturally humanitarian in sentiment and philanthropic in disposition, she made up her mind to do something for the fishermen and their families along the coast. She has done this so heartily, that she has practically become one of them. The design for the house, which she has recently built there was entirely novel,—the object being to make it more useful than fashionable. The city-folks would, of course, laugh at her eccentricity. She could have easily got the "Premier" to lay the foundation for her house. But she asked the oldest and the most venerable-looking fisherman of the village to lay the foundation, and erected a tablet on which were inscribed the names of all the villagers, who, in however a trifling manner, helped the building of the house—but not surely the names of ladies and gentlemen of title and wealth, who would have gladly done anything for her. She gives parties and holds her "At Homes" perhaps more frequently than ever. But they are intended merely to entertain, amuse, and instruct the "common people" of the

village. She has adopted several orphans and has given them a good home, training them up for domestic service. All her ways, ambitions and energies tend to create a sublime individuality, and express it in the service of humanity. All this she does, in the teeth of much vulgar opposition, with no masculine initiative, being a maiden lady herself, not much advanced in life yet!

If domesticity means not merely the performance of domestic duties, but also the capacity to manage the home, the British girl is usually domesticated, though the most revolting and unnatural exceptions might be found occasionally. The "clever" girls are not so hopeless and the "homely" girls that attend the evening classes on Domestic Economy are not such experts at home management as one would be inclined to think. Of course, woman's primary duty is at home, though I admit that the conception of home is capable of having a very wide and cosmopolitan significance.

I must confess I know very little of Indian girls. I do not know whether, under the existing conditions, there is any chance for a man to get to know girls in this country very intimately, except they be his own sisters. To one that has lived long enough in Britain or any other modernised Western country, on return to India, the fact that appeals with the most chilling reality is the blank caused in the social life of India, by the absence of Indian girls from it. It might be considered a perversity of tastes, if not disposition on the part of man, to evince a decided tendency towards feminine comradeship in a country like India. The man that rightly or wrongly gets himself dubbed "a laydie's man" would need courage to cross the street amidst the stares of the public, and the girls themselves on whose behalf he has become a martyr, would be scared at the approach of his shadow!

With due deference to dear old Mrs. Grundy, I, for one, hold, that no decent man or a decent girl need be ashamed of mixed company. Of course, a sharp line should be drawn to prevent liberty deteriorating into license by imperceptible degrees, and with a certain amount of caution and prudence, the girls of mixed company might be considerably lessened. What is good in the West, might also be good in the East, when due allowance is made for circumstantial differences. Human nature is the same all the world over and it tries to yield similar manifestations under precisely similar conditions.

It has been recently told me, in the course of a conversation on this subject, by an Indian lady of considerable culture and charm that it is a shame that one should know so little of one's own country girls. I admit the sincerity and pathos of this remark. But may I take the liberty to ask, plainly though bluntly, who is to blame for it? Any advances on the masculine part would be considered impertinence and bad breeding. All that could be expected with propriety from man, is to make use of opportunities—and I would go the length of admitting that he who proves a dunce here, deserves censure. But, what is the poor creature to do, should he get no opportunities? Perhaps man is more abrupt than woman: Hence, it might answer the purpose best to let woman choose her friends rather than let man have his own way. If she would lead, he is quite willing to follow. Man is not such a horrid creature as he looks, and he is not so devoid of honour and self-respect, as his behaviour at times would make one suspect. If woman knows where to look for it, I would assure her, there is a higher nature in man also. Tactful and thoughtful appeal to it from woman, would often get a ready response from man.

Indian men have often been accused of want of chivalry. From an impartial point of view, it must be admitted that man alone does not deserve all the blame. I am aware of instances where some of the most chivalrous actions of men have been misunderstood by women, and the irony of the situation might be more easily imagined than described. Man might, no doubt, make the woman: but oftener it is woman that makes the man.

Man, in spite of his rough exterior, is amenable to the subtle influence of woman. Woman's influence, however latent and non-demonstrative, still has been the foundation of all national greatness. Perhaps, there is no country in the world which needs the quickening influence of woman, more than India. We have been found fault with for lack of patriotism, self-sacrifice and charity, in this country. But who is the real cause of it all? Man's energies, all of them, at all events, not less than seventy-five per cent. of them, are inspired by and directed towards woman. If you eliminate woman from life, you cripple considerably man's ambitions, hopes, and energies. He derives his inspiration from his childhood. The pleasure of attracting a pair of bewitching eyes gives him all his enthusiasm for work. The love for his partner in life nerves him for the struggle for existence.

It is a truism, that, all the world over, woman is instinctively nearer the ideal than man. The sordidity of money-making, the tact and pluck needed to play one's cards well, amidst all the competition and conventionality of modern life, and the frequent necessity that crops up to choose between two evils, are often powerful enough to blunt man's susceptibilities and choke his higher instincts. But it is the woman, often saved from the struggle for bread and butter, that instinctively looks up to the ideal. The

possibilities of life depend on the realisation of the ideal by her and the communication of that enthusiasm to that non-sentimental creature, man. British women do this, in their country. The men often draw their highest inspiration from their mothers, sisters and wives. Even in modern India, such instances are not absolutely non-existent, though one should like to see them more frequently.

It is said that when Mr. G. Tilak was given the option to withdraw the statements he made in his paper, which were construed by the Government of India to be seditious, or to go into prison, the latter was in great trouble to choose between the two alternatives. He had to choose between his principles, whatever they be, and a loving partner and children. His wife came to know of his dilemma, went to his rescue and counselled him to go to prison, for she would honour him, should he honour his principles rather than cowardly stay away at home. Which man would not risk his life at the call of duty from woman's heart and lips?

If the women of India be half as anxious to insist on moral qualities like patriotism, self-sacrifice, charity, chivalry, &c., of their men as they usually are on their social status and economic position, the greatest national evils would be remedied before long, and the era of progress and development would soon commence. Man constantly needs the ethical stimulus and chivalrous enthusiasm given him by woman. If India should progress, Indian men have nowhere else to turn to, but to the Indian woman for inspiration, courage and enthusiasm.

Again, woman has been wronged by man, all the world over, though there might be differences in the degree and quality of the offence in various countries. Man is inclined to be unsentimental, as long as he does not wear the shoe himself. In his dialect silence always means half consent. Therefore, he does not naturally appreciate the gravity of the wrongs done to womanhood, when the women go on as if they are unconcerned themselves about it. There is no use for woman to wait for man to right her wrongs. She would have to wait a long time, should she expect him to look at things through her spectacles. The British woman takes the law into her own hands and fights for her rights on her own initiative.

If it is desired that the wrongs of the Indian womanhood be removed satisfactorily and speedily, then Indian women should betake themselves to advocate their cause boldly and ceaselessly. The more educated among them should strive to educate the women of this country about their views—and they need not trouble about convincing men of the rationality of their actions. If the women of this country would make up their mind to have their rights, they would have them—and the men, for their own sake, dare not say "No."

It might be a great advantage if the women of this country would learn from British women more of the qualities of self-reliance, independence of judgment, determination, and that other very useful quality (I do not know whether it is ethical at all), which is vulgarly known in England as cheek. The destinies of India are in the hands of the women of this country. Man, like a highly charged electromotor awaits the guidance and skilful manipulation by woman for all work and every aim in life!

D. S. Ramachendra Rao.

The Chepauk Palace.

A WELL-KNOWN BUILDING IN MADRAS.

The forecasts of the Hindu New year, which commenced on the fifteenth day of March, are not highly encouraging and destructive fires and disastrous floods seem to specially mark the year! As if in anticipation of the events to occur, a terrible fire broke out on Monday, the eleventh day of March, in the Revenue Board Office, Chepauk Park, Madras. The site of this Park was once the domain of the Nawabs of the Karnatik. After the demise of the last occupant of the Musnad, this famous Park became the property of the British Government. The Park contains many fine buildings, and the most historic and interesting one is the old palace of the Nawab, locally known as the Kalasa Mahal, literally the palace of domes. The local Government have made considerable improvements in the Park, which have added to the general appearance of the buildings, and have also enhanced the beauty of the scene around. The old palace was originally a curious blend of various orders, Saracenic, Ionic, and Doric. But, "veneered over and pulled together by restoration," it now represents a Moorish style of architecture, and has a very imposing sight. The building is now the Engineering College of the Madras Government. The Kalasa Mahal, as it originally was, did not possess any of those finer traces which bear testimony of the marvellous and artistic workmanship of Eastern architects. It was repaired and new structures and wings were added on to it. The building, as it stands now, has an upper storey surmounted by a tower of handsome construction, designed and

built by Mr. Chisholm, whose peculiar style of architecture it well exemplifies. The whole group of buildings now exhibits what may be called a fine specimen of modern Indian palace achitecture. The tower is divided into six stories. The first of these was occupied by the Post Office. In the second was kept a number of tents and records belonging to the officers of the Board of Revenue. A considerable quantity of survey records, embodying the original plans of the village in the Presidency, was stored in the remaining stories. The crests of the picturesque towers were ornamented with "such marvellous lattice work, such domes,—some of copper richly gilt, others of blue porcelain, and green and gold enamel, such wooden arches, all dazzling in colours like an angel's dream, and the whole Park viewed from the sands of the Bay of Bengal, is one kaleidoscopic jumble of moving flower beds, bright with endless varieties of hues, lustrous and radiant in the sunshine, and changing with bewildering rapidity."

When the fire alarm was given, the flames and smoke were seen to issue from the third story; but the true origin of the fire was still a mystery and the public were very anxious to know it. The flames soon extended both downwards and upwards. The charming towers and their lovely domes, were all one molten mass, and the wooden bridge that connected the Settlement offices with those of the Board of Revenue was completely burnt by the cruel flames of the blazing fires. The tents, the records of the Survey office, as well as those of the Post office, were totally destroyed, and the fine towers that were, a few days ago, glittering all in gold, were now a heap of black mass all in ruins. The whole thing presented a very pitiable and heart-rending sight, indeed. Those that were working in the stories, at the time of the fire were only four in number. Two of them escaped before they felt the fire's touch. But the other two unfortunate men were caught up by the curls of smoke and their escape was really very miraculous. One of them jumped from the heights into a canvas held below, and the other found his way out by a ladder much to the joy of the spectators. On receiving the fire alarm, the men and officers of the Cheshire Regiment, arrived on the scene of catastrophe, and did much yeoman service. Much credit is due to the local authorities, for averting, what would otherwise have been, a national disaster, with prompt aid and assistance.

With a view to finding out the real origin of the fire, the local Government has recently appointed a special committee to enquire into the cause of the fire at the Chepauk Palace. But some gentlemen have been all along instituting private enquiries, and, as a result of the beginning of the fire, the fire has been located, and also the time when the fire broke out has been ascertained. It is stated that the fire commenced in a heap of unsorted records stored away in a dark corner at the bottom of the spiral staircase. From there it spread to the wooden shaft of the staircase which runs to the top of the building. The fire was observed at about 3-15 P.M., when the smoke was seen issuing from an opening about half-way up the tower. We are very glad to learn that immediate and proper steps were taken to replace the towers and domes.

At San Remo.

San Remo by the Midland sea
Oh when shall I return to thee?
My well belov'd Italia!
I wander here, I wander there,
North, South, East, West—but ne'er
Can I find any land so fair
As thee, my lov'd Italia!

Singing these words softly to myself, I passed gaily along the Passigiata in the full blaze of the morning sun. It was early yet, even for the Continental early riser, and scarcely one met me on my way. How glorious it was! The sea, on my left, a wide stretch of blue turquoise, ultramarine, sky, and grey blue at the edge next the shingle—shingle not sand for there are practically no sands at San Remo. The sea all glorious in its majestic, yet happy beauty! for the waves danced and glittered as they rose and fell, and those along the margin broke up into snowy foam throwing it higher and yet higher like children at a game of ball, while the wind blew its fresh wholesomeness over land and far inland as far as the olive covered hills, which rose in soft romantic beauty on my right. The sun was bright and even now had power; but I crossed the railway lines and struck into the chief thoroughfare, the left side of which was delightfully shady and shielded from his rays. Crossing the street I came into the Mercato or market place! What a fascinating place! Was there ever such a collection of things on sale? Fruit, meat, toys, flowers, muslins, cottons, etc. The combinations and contrasts of colour were wonderful, indeed must often be startling to eyes accustomed to the sober hues of Northern Europe, though less astonishing to a traveller from Eastern countries as I was! I made my selection of fruits, grapes, apples, pears, etc., and turned my steps towards home again, but traversing side-alleys and by-paths instead of the main

street. The people were friendly, and many a smiling "bottegajo" (shopkeeper) in his doorway exchanged a pleasant "buon giorno" with me; and the children lifted bright faces, not over clean—some fair and some dark—for a cheerful greeting.

The walk accomplished, and home regained, I was glad to sink into a chair in the coolest room in the house, behind the already closed green shutters which no house in San Remo is without. How cool and dark it was! Too dark. I finally decided to do anything but lounge till 12-30 breakfast. That concluded, sleep pressed her strong yet gentle hand upon my eyes and for a while I wandered through Dreamland instead of the sunny slopes of San Remo. But the afternoon, too, was beautiful, and I could not stay in-doors. A great longing seized me for a wider outlook. I enquired my way to the Chiesa Madonna della Costa from whence I knew something of a view might be obtained. Up a side street, leaving the sea behind me, out on an open road which wound charmingly up and down, in and out of the olive-covered hills, I went. The olives were a wonderful colour; not grey, not blue, not green, yet with a decided suggestion of all three! It is said that by this you shall know the true appreciator of Italian scenic beauty—whether he likes or dislikes this colour of the olive! I reached the church, and toiling up the last bit of roughly paved road, stood before the West door. I did not go within, but turning to the left, suddenly faced both the sea and hills. Oh, what a view! How can a pen and ink description possibly do it justice! On the sides of the hill on which I stood were vineyards, and orchards, among which was many a white flat-roofed house, gleaming in the evening sun. Then a valley, then the olive-covered hills, not high or fine, but with soft rich beauty all their own, or clad in mists of blue, grey, purple, and firm, yet gentle outlines rising, melting into one another.

The sea stretched forward and behind, on my left, a wide and glorious expanse of old blue, which, rippled by the evening breeze, seemed to glitter and dance with pure joy like Perdita of old. But the glow began to fade! The pink clouds overhead grew paler and more tender in hue until they melted into soft grey; the hills slowly vanished from sight under the canopy of night, while the sea gleamed with a steely light reminding one of a shield. The wind blew cool and yet more cool, so that I was glad to hurry home along the almost deserted streets. But, oh with what joy and how often my thoughts returned to that scene of beauty! When heart and spirit are bowed with the toil and dust of life, memory carries me back beneath the chestnuts outside the church, and I view once more that scene and drink in rest and refreshment by means of that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

E. B. DURRENT.

A Feast of Dolls in India.

While reading the article on Japanese girls in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* for January, 1907, it struck me that corresponding to the Feast of Dolls there is also a similar feast celebrated in India known as Gowri Vratam, which is observed amongst our women, especially by the Brahmin ladies of Desartha and Karnatic communities. This Vratam more or less resembles the feast of dolls, inasmuch as a big doll representing Gowri is placed in a well furnished and ornamented room on a table surrounded by flowers, minor dolls, both Native and European, and other various curios, the splendour of these depending upon the means of the ladies. This Vratam commences on the third day (thatbigay) of the lunar month Chaitra and ends with the 3rd day of the next lunar month, thus lasting for a month. At the beginning and the end of the feast good dinners will be prepared and will be generally partaken of by all the lady friends of the neighbourhood. During these periods, as well as on Tuesday and Friday evenings, a social gathering of all the ladies of the village will be held, when songs in praise of the goddess will be sung, and *pan supari*, and *manjal kunkum* will be distributed to all the ladies. It will be seen from the above description that this Vratam corresponds in many respects to the Feast of Dolls, as the oriental mind is generally one anywhere. The only difference is that in India, there is the predominance of the religious element which is the guiding principle of our national existence, whereas in Japan it is more a question of social importance, which is not at all absent in the Indian counterpart, but is only subordinated to religion. There is similarly another feast of dolls amongst Hindu girls, and that comes in the Navaratri festival. It is generally apprehended that with the spread of education amongst women, there will be generally a disregard and indifference to such feasts, which are intended to serve both Social and Religious purposes, but it is also hoped that this apprehension will be rendered futile by the adherence of these educated Hindu ladies to their national ideals and customs. In the history of nations no people have prospered by the abandonment of their national ideals, which should only be adapted to their modern environments.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—THE VEENA.

In days of yore when Ranjit filled the throne,
For acts and fame as India's lion known;
In one romantic hamlet in Kashmere
Bathed by many a crystal lake and mere,

Lived a pair in a home of solitude
Girt on each side by green and shady wood.
It was a still and peaceable abode
Far far away from the noises known abroad;

So beauteous 'twas in each month of the year
That like a dreamland would it e'er appear.
Sweet was the music in spring, th' time of love
Of Koyal, Bulbul and the Indian dove.

Sweet was the blossom on the mango trees
And sweeter still its perfume wafted by the gentle breeze.
In such a wondrous land the couple young
Lived, from the ancient race of Rajputs sprung.

What mortal can describe their mutual love
Which was more constant than that of the widowed dove;
What mortal can describe their blissful joy,
As such few under the sun did enjoy.

This man was a brave and dashing youth
Possessed of great love for his country in Sooth;
Once his zeal for his country led him far
From his home to fight the foe in a war;

He left amidst the tears of his bride
To fight for Ranjit, Prince of Lahore, known world-wide.
For him his beauteous wife now waiting sate
More eager than the Chatak" cursed by fate;

Close by the cottage stood a lovely bower
Rich with the perfume of many an Indian flower.
And here she sat and tried to waste the weary hour
And sooth her aching heart by music's magic power;

Oft she thought of her lonesome state with moistened eyes
And sadly gazed at the bright Indian skies;
Thought deep of her lord who so bravely fought
And who th' wrathful Shikhs to subjection brought.

Often she sat in her little bower to pour
Over Mahabharata's rich and varied lore.
To ponder hardships which Savitri had to bear
And muse with Seeta, Ramayan's heroine fair.

To bitterly weep over Tara's woes
Till almost she fell into soft repose;
While in the evening she her Veena played
To add solemnity to th' woodland glade;

And now her Veena's full enchanting strains to hear
Came from the woods a lovely jet black deer.
And lo! with what intoxicated brain
He listened to the Veena's lofty strain;

Oh few indeed of us with greater joy
Can music's magic strain enjoy.
As days and months rolled by he came more and more
To list to her enchanting songs of yore.

Months and years glided by when one darksome night
She sat in her bower sighing for her lonesome plight.
A sad tumult of thoughts disturbed her restless mind
Which fluttered like the stormy monsoon wind.

At last her only comrade O solitude
Came frisking with joy from the dreary wood,
And lay down on the Velvet grass near by
Eager to hear the Veena's melody;

She saw him and all her sad thoughts were gone
She played her Veena which soothed her alone;
The musk deer listed with attention deep
The Veena's strains lulled him to sleep;

Supreme reigned silence in the air
The night had thrown her dark veil everywhere;
All were at rest and not a sound was heard
Nor the beasts of the distant jungles stirred.

And e'en the night-in-gale had held her breath
To hear the Veena's strains her nest beneath;
Now hark! a noise in the leaves of the trees,
Could they be ruffled by the gentle breeze?

But a soft yet firm foot-step is now heard
And slow appears the figure of her lord!
So strange it seemed to him that at this hour
His beauteous wife her Veena played in the bower;

He feared that his wife in those jungles wild
In his long absence on a stranger smiled.
The bitter sting of jealousy his bosom stung
And in a moment his cross-bow he strung;

The work was done by the fierce weapon of his wrath
And eagerly dashing up the path,
The lovely dying deer he found
Bearing like a lamp the cruel wound;

"Oh do not stop, dear lady" cried the deer
"Let me till I breathe last thy Veena hear,
Oh oft have I enjoyed thy Veena's soothing strain
And oft have I loved thee to play again.

Thy Veena's strain let me list with attention deep
Till I lie at thy feet to sleep eternal sleep."

KSHAMA.

II.—TO THE MONSOON.

Over the hills you come in June,
To peaceful End, oh dread Monsoon!
The plain, the vale, the mountain quakes
As o'er her sky your warfare breaks

And all alike your power doth feel
The truant boy—the proud genteel,
The city folks that homeward run.
No soul your tyranny can shun

From mountain tops to plains below
The frenzy of your passion blow
And as in answer to your blast
The city portals clatter fast;

In honour due to your renown
Are stopped the gaieties of the town,
And e'en the city's proud elect
Will not dare venture in the street,

When in some proud victorious hour
Is heard the war cry of your power
All thro' the land your power doth fear;
But still you are welcomed year by year

Because the selfish mortals know
Your presence awes some dreader foe!

LALITA GUPTA.

III.—LAKSHMI BAI.

(*A Review*).

This is a Malayalam monthly published at Trichur in memory of Her Highness Sri Lakshmi Bai, C. I., the late Maharani of Travancore. We welcome the journal most heartily, in that it places before the Malayalam speaking community an excellent monthly with much of interest-

A NEPAULESE WOMAN.

ing readable matter. It is solely devoted to the women's cause. It is a popular journal having a very large circulation throughout Travancore and Cochin, and is generously supported by the Government of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore and that of Cochin. An important feature of this journal is that most of the contributors are well-read Malabar ladies.

Vol. II. No. 11, *i.e.*, the Kumbom number of the journal (which is under review) is full of interest. The place of honour is given to Meenakshi Amma's article—a life sketch of Thottakad Ekkavu Amma, one who has done much for the expansion of the Malayalam literature; (she is the author of several books such as "Sanmargo—padesam Ottam-thullal," Rāsakreeda-kurathi p ā t t u, Subhadrarjunam Drama, Nalacharitham Drama, Aryasatakam Manipravalam and sevaral others). The second article is a short account of *Chakyar-koothu* from the pen of Thottakad Ekkavu Amma. The 'Two Ranees of Travancore' is the title of another article, describing in brief the reigns or rather the regency of the two Ranees, Lakshmi Bai and Parvathi Bai, who ruled Travancore from 1810—1829 A.D. This, it seems, is a translation of the English article which appeared in the February number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine.* There are also six other articles of interest, and it closes with the usual reviews of books. On the whole, the journal is a very useful publication to the entire Malayalam speaking community.

It is up-hill work conducting a decent journal in the present state of journalism, and the conductors of it, Mr. Narayana Menon and his two brothers deserve much credit for the able conduct of the journal. They take much interest in the cause of female education, and it is the duty of every one of us to co-operate with them. A journal cannot get on well without the 'sinews of war', but our generous and liberal-minded persons of Malabar, will, we are sure, render them a helping hand in their laudable undertaking, by each subscribing for a copy. The annual subscription to the journal is only Rs. 2. The printing and get-up of the magazine, too, is all that can be desired, and reflects much credit on the part of the able and energetic Manager of the "Bharata Vilasom Press," who takes more than ordinary interest in this matter. We wish the journal every success.

A PATRIOT.

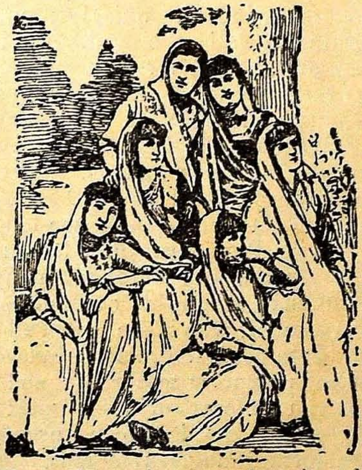
IV.—"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD."

I watch the perfect beauty of these glorious days of May,
When the winter's gloom all vanished, the birds begin their lay.
The woods are gay with flowers, flowers, flowers, everywhere.
Daisies, buttercups and violets and dandelions fair.
And the trees are clothed again in their garb of varied green,
While the grass springs on the meadows with a softer, richer sheen.
But my fancy fondly travels to the homeland far away,
Where with cruel, burning fervor in this very month of May
The fierce and piercing Eastern sun pours parching heat all day.
And the woods have scorched and shrivelled trees instead of flowers gay.
I gaze upon the contrast that before my mind doth rise.
But these pleasant scenes are blotted by the mist that fills my eyes!

SARASVATI SINGH.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

NOTHING HAPPENS WITHOUT A CAUSE.



NOTHING, not even the most insignificant thing occurs by chance; "Nothing upon earth is done without cause." The hand of Eternal Providence rules and governs all things with exceeding wisdom. Misfortune comes not by accident, nor does it spring up fortuitously, as the herbs sprout out of the ground; all things whatever came to us from Him who is above all. What to many seems no more than good fortune or accident, we declare to be the dispensations of the most adorable Providence of God. If we examined these things only according to our human knowledge and understanding, it is true we might be led to believe that many things owed their existence merely to chance. But Divine knowledge is infinite and reaches without the least labour even to that which is most insignificant. God contemplates in the self-same instant all the mighty abysses and recesses of Heaven, of the Earth, of the Sea, and of Hell.

The most certain way, to obtain peace of heart is not to consider the persons, who commit an unrighteous deed, but to turn away our

thoughts from them to God who permits it. Although man may conduct himself unrighteously, yet God has not assented to that unrighteousness. The holiest men have always believed that whatever happened to them has happened by God's dispositions; they turned the eyes of their soul away from the sins of the individual and considered only the permission of God, through which those sins have been allowed. For God is so good that He would never tolerate evil, unless He knew how to bring good out of it.

It may, perhaps, appear to my readers that this or that thing has occurred without any especial providential dispensation, and that it is the result only of chance. In this, we are like a man who beholds only the hands of a clock upon the tower; it is true he sees the hands, but he does not see the "works" of the clock themselves, and the ingenious arrangement of the wheels. He, who would, therefore, conclude that the hands carry themselves around, and that they are not directed by means of a weight, would be silly and ignorant in the extreme. He who has but a little understanding will quickly comprehend that within the walls, the mechanism is to be found which drives them forward.

God leads us very carefully, and often in a roundabout way, just as if He were conducting us through a labyrinth; but He knows how to take us to the heavenly plains. Why, therefore, complain of so careful a guide? May the smooth and safe way not appear too long to any one! Divine Providence may lead us through many by-ways, and through many changes in life; but shall we on this account become irritated at a Leader, who is the best of all? What does it matter to us, if the way is indeed rough, if it only leads securely to our last end? Does any one feel himself forsaken in this world? Let him only wait; in its own proper time, help will be forthcoming. Why is it, you frequently say that God seeks out the very best, even in order to afflict them with sickness and to visit them with misfortune?

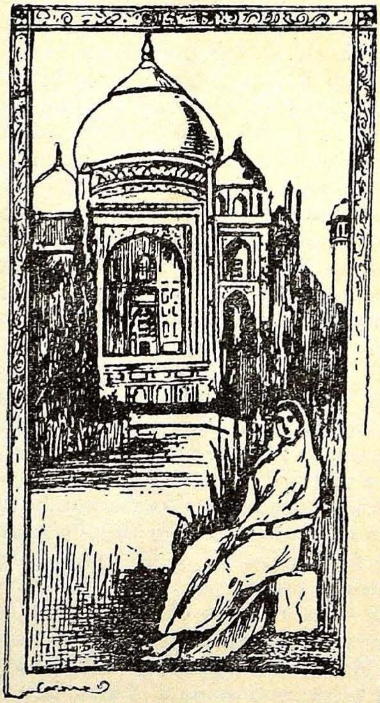
In reply, let me ask why are the strongest in the whole army always selected for the most dangerous undertaking? Our Commander puts his bravest soldiers at the head of the column. God acts in respect to good men very much as a teacher does with his pupils.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Home Talks.

(*Taken from the Girls' Own Paper*).

V. SCALDS AND BURNS.



SCALDS and burns are practically identical in their result and treatment. A scald is caused by moist heat, and a burn by dry heat. They either only affect the top layer of the skin, causing a red mark, and a smarting, pricking sensation, or they form a blister, or, as in a bad burn, the injury penetrates through the skin, to the tissues below, causing terrible pain and leaving ugly scars.

The great object when treating a burn or scald is to keep away from it germs that abound in their thousands in the air; therefore, never leave a burn exposed; always cover it up. If the skin be unbroken, gently rub the affected spot with carron oil, which is made with equal quantities of linseed oil and lime water. Then soak some lint, or a piece of soft clean linen rag in the carron oil, cover the burn with this, and bandage it to keep the soaked rag in its place. After a few hours the pain will be gone. If there be great irritation, make a solution of soda and water, soak some soft linen in this and apply; it will bring great relief, but it must not be used when the skin is broken.

For a burn that has caused a blister, soak some lint in carron oil and cover the affected part with it, being very careful not to break the blister. If there should be no carron oil in the house, any vegetable oil may be used, such as olive oil.

When a person's clothing catches fire, the first thing to remember is, that the flames go upward, and that every movement will cause a draught, which will help the flames to burn. If the person on fire be a child, roll it in the hearthrug or anything thick that is handy. If there be

nothing in the shape of a rug or table cloth at hand, roll the child on the floor, pressing the clothing tightly. Do the same for a grown-up person. Try and remember to place the patient face downwards, as all the vital organs are to the front of the body.

Nothing gives a greater shock to the nervous system than to be burnt; therefore, if the patient be conscious, once the flames are put out, give him something as a stimulant, if only half a cupful of milk. Do not give alcohol, as that would probably do harm. Send at once for the doctor, and whilst waiting for him to come, cut away the clothing from the affected parts to discover the extent of the injuries done. Do not on any account try to pull at the clothing, for fear of dragging away the skin. Soak the wound well with carron oil, or with carbolic oil mixed with olive oil, the proportions being one part carbolic oil to forty parts of the olive oil. Should there be no oil available, dredge flour over the affected part, or powdered whiting will do equally well.

Lint is the best to use for the dressing, and should be kept in all households in case of any emergency arising, but should there be no lint, any soft, clean old linen will do.

Picric acid is now being much used as a dressing for burns; it has marvellous and beneficial effect when applied to a freshly-made burn or scald. One usually thinks of picric acid as a dangerous explosive, which it most certainly is, but in the hands of the scientist and used with care and caution, there is practically no danger.

Dr. Robert Watson, writing in the *People's Friend*, gives the following prescription for a solution of picric to be used as a dressing for burns. "Picric acid 40 grains, alcohol 1 oz, distilled water 20 oz." The alcohol is needed to dissolve the picric acid crystals. Dr. Watson also says in the same article, "Cloths made quite wet with this (picric acit solution) and laid upon a burned surface, not only hasten healing, but lessen the pain, and if scar there must be, give the tissues such aid, that the smallest, smoothest and supplest scar results."

The dressing for all burns should be removed most carefully; never pull them at all, and should they stick, soak them with oil until they give way. Picric acid dressings may be left on for quite a long time, two are three times a week being quite often enough to have them changed. Picric acid has wonderful drying properties, and as quoted above from Dr. Watson's article, this helps the healing process.

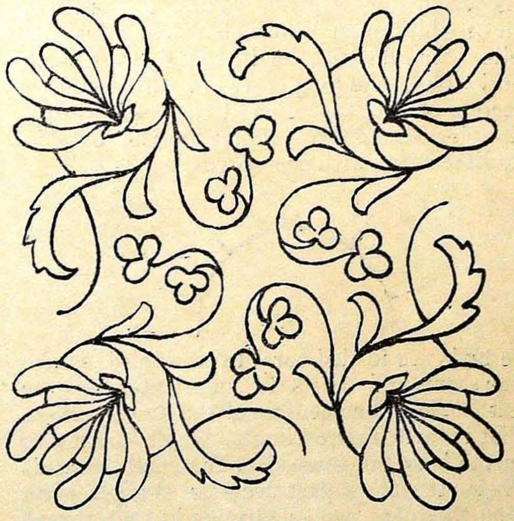
For a scalded mouth, if only a slight scald, drinking cold water will give relief, as will sucking a piece of ice; iced milk is also an excellent remedy. For a badly-scalded mouth send at once for medical aid.

Oiled silk should always be placed over the dressing for burns, as it keeps them moister and prevents the outer bandages becoming unsightly from the stains of whatever has been used for the dressing.

As a rule burns are more fatal than scalds, as they give a greater shock to the system, but as far as the pain they cause and their treatment is concerned, they may be said to be identical, "dry heat and moist heat producing similar damages to the animal tissues."

Our Needlework Column.

EMBROIDERY DESIGNS.



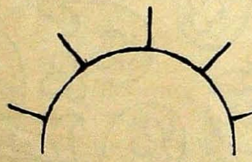
BEFORE giving my readers directions to work the above design, I want to give them a few hints as to the best materials for working upon, and the materials to use for embroidering. First and foremost comes linen, which makes an excellent ground for cushions, screens, table-cloths, etc. For beginners it is very useful because it is so firm and yet soft. It can be procured at various prices and in a variety of colours, and it always washes well. For curtains, portieres or anything required to hang in soft folds, a serge or diagonal cloth is best, and a silk-sheeting makes a good ground for chair-seats, screens, etc. For hand-work choose one of these. Of course, bengaline or glace silk, and velvet are frequently used for embroidery, but they really need to be framed to be satisfactory.

Nowadays there are so many different kinds of embroidery silks and cottons made that it is difficult to say which is best. Personally I prefer to use filoselle for many things, because it is

perfectly pure and washes well, and can be used on almost any ground. Mallard-floss and filo-floss are both beautiful glossy silks, but they are more expensive and need careful handling. Flax-thread or ingrain cotton is very useful for making linen, and linens, cloths and serges are all suitable grounds for crewel-wools, which you can obtain in beautiful soft shades.

The colouring of your work must depend very much on individual taste, though the position your work will occupy must guide you very largely. Be sure that the colours or anything that will be seen closely are not so bright and vivid as to become offensive, but avoid dowdy colours. Self-colouring is generally very pretty and effective, and if your work is in outline stitches only, it is usually safest to keep to one harmony of colours, using, say, four or five shades.

The design I have given to-day is worked on cream or white linen in four shades of china blue filoselle. The flowers are in the lightest shade in coral-stitch, the long leaves in satin-stitch in the second shade, the curved leaves in cross-buttonhole. Keep the stitches on the outside, and radiate them with the curves, *viz.*:--



The buds are in tied-coral in the third shade, and the stems and twirls in stem-stitch in the darkest shade. The centres of the flowers are to be filled in with French knots, which are rather difficult to keep the same size. Take eight threads of silk (for the other part use four threads—you will find there are twelve strands in each thread of filoselle), bring the needle up on the outside edge of the circle and twist the silk once round the needle. Pull the silk quite tight and draw the needle through quite close to where it came up. Work round the outer edge first, keeping the knots quite close together. Then work an inner circle, keeping round and round until the centre is quite filled.

The design I have given you to-day is suitable for a corner of a tablecloth or sideboard cloth, or it would do for a cushion. It would also look very well worked in white silk on a coloured linen. The border could be either button-holed in scallops and cut out, or hemstitched.

Now just a few words as to how to transfer your design to your material. Trace the design on to a piece of tracing paper and place the tracing on a fold of flannel. With a needle prick the lines of the design, making about twenty holes to the inch. Then place the pricked tracing on to your material. Roll a long strip of flannel, three or four inches wide, very tightly into a solid cylindrical shape; mix some very finely powdered charcoal with some French chalk, and with the roll of flannel rub the powder through the holes. Remove the tracing carefully so as not to smudge the powder, and with a fine brush print the lines made by the powder. If a dark material use white paint, or black on a light material. Either water colour or oil paint will do. When it is quite dry beat it well with a clean duster to remove the pounce powder.

But I have taken up too much space already and must leave the rest of my hints for next time. A little practice will do wonders in helping you on, so get all you can. Never be afraid to unpick your work, for a small piece badly done will often spoil the whole effect of what might otherwise be a really beautiful piece of work.

Varieties.

IN the course of an article on Glimpses of Russian Life, contributed to the *Times of India, Illustrated Weekly*, by Captain Gervais Lyon, I. A., occurs the following:—"It is astonishing that about 200 to 250 years ago, *i. e.* before the time of Peter the Great and Catherine the Great, the Russian woman used to be considered as a 'chattel" of her lord and was treated like a Mahomedan woman, to whom no freedom was granted. During the last 150 years she has been forging to the front and establishing her claim to be on an equality with man, as regards freedom, civilization and education. Since last August, women have been admitted into the Universities of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and can now go in for higher education in all its branches. Women are admitted as officials into all sorts of Government offices. As a rule, the Russian woman commands her husband, but by love; she is tactful, and will undergo any privations or disgrace for the man she loves. I have little doubt that in the future, the Russian woman will play a great role. As regards Women's right of voting, I should not be surprised if (among the great powers) it came into vogue first in Russia, although in many other ways, the latter country is still about 100 years in the background.

Mme. Patti speaks Italian, Spanish, Russian, German, French and Portuguese perfectly, and, of course, her English is faultless. Her memory is prodigious, her repertoire consisting of more than eighty operas, of which she knows every detail by heart, cadenzas and words included. She plays the guitar and the mandoline, is an excellent pianist, paints well, and does the most beautiful embroidery and knitting.

For many years Miss Ellen Terry has cherished the idea of writing her autobiography. This is one of the great books planned, but never written; for it makes its appearance in serial form in *M. A. P.* The Story of My Life, as her reminiscences are entitled, is naturally of absorbing interest. It is at once the story of the astonishing career of the greatest of actresses, the story of the stage for the last fifty years and the story of a woman whose friends are innumerable and who has held enthralled the hearts of all who have known or seen her by her charm and her beauty.

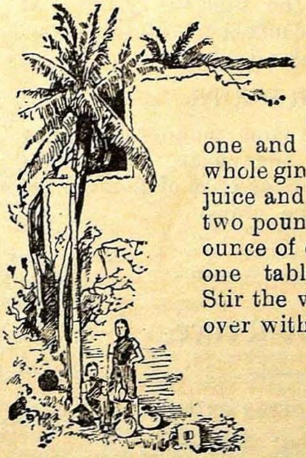
To Queen Maud of Norway (daughter of our King. Emperor) is to be attributed the distinction of bringing the gentle art of the collector quite up-to-date. At least, so the story goes. Her Majesty cares neither for stamps nor old china nor of anything else. Her interest, according to the Court newsman of the Continent, is concentrated upon everything that the newspapers of all countries have related concerning King Haakon and herself since their accession to the throne of Norway. Of all these anecdotes, true and untrue, Her Majesty is an untiring collector, and she classifies and arranges her material into volumes with infinite pains and patience. One of these volumes, if the Court journalists may be believed, bears the title, written by Her Majesty's own hand, and in letters richly gilt, "Things we have neither done nor said."

The "Indian Shorthand and Typewriting Advertiser," in the course of an article discussing the question of the employment of lady typists in Government of India offices. says: It has been remarked on all sides that no great amount of work would be accomplished once ladies are admitted into the Government of India offices. The answer to that poverty-stricken excuse is that the output of any establishment depends entirely on its management, discipline and routine. Every prominent man whether he be merchant, lawyer, banker, statesman, novelist or a giant captain of industry, has a well-regulated staff of lady typists, who do the bidding of their employer, and to his satisfaction be it said, for there is no sentiment in business, a phase of existence which the modern girl is by no means slow to perceive. That women in their zeal will toil on till they are often physically incapacitated is a well-known fact, for if the ladies have their faults and failings, shirking their appointed tasks is not one of them. But as the Government of India offices are only open 6 to 6½ hours per diem, the work could not possibly be beyond the strength of the average woman. In fact, after the closing hour of business, there would be ample time for further study, recreation and sleep. With regard to the intelligent interest, the lady typist takes in the special branch or profession in which she is daily engaged, volumes might be written, for many a successful man of to-day owes his position to the substantial help he has received from the unremitting toil of the energetic lady stenographer working by his side."

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra after a private visit to the exhibition of Red Cross appliances at Earl's Court, in connection with the International Red Cross Conference in London, sent the following return message to the delegates of the Red Cross societies, who subsequently assembled there:—"It is with the greatest pleasure that I, as President of the British Red Cross Societies, welcome you all here on the occasion of the first International Meeting on British soil. The delegates have my warmest and most heartfelt sympathy in their united endeavours to further the great scheme of relieving the suffering of the sick and wounded in time of war, and I sincerely trust and believe that the present Conference will be the means of carrying out with the greatest perfection the noble aims of this most important work. I am sure that all the delegates will rejoice with me to know there still lives among us a pioneer of the First Red Cross movement, Florence Nightingale. whose heroic efforts on behalf of suffering humanity will be recognised and admired as long as the world shall last."

Cookery Column.

GINGER BEER.



TAKE six quarts of cold water and put it into a stone jar or pitcher. Add to this one and a half ounces of whole ginger well bruised, the juice and peel of two lemons, two pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar and one tablespoonful of yeast. Stir the whole well, covering over with a cloth and let it stand for two days. Then strain it through a cloth and bottle. Tie down the corks firmly, and it will be ready to drink in three or four days at the outside.

BARLEY SUGAR.

Put some sugar in a pan with water and place it on the fire to boil; when it is at the feather* add a little lemon juice and continue boiling to the caramel,† when done, add a few drops of essence of lemon. Pour it on a marble slab previously oiled, and cut into slips. When nearly cold take the strips in your fingers and twist them, and when quite cold put them into tin boxes and keep them closed down. The reason that barley sugar is so named is that it was originally made with a decoction of barley.

* "Boiling sugar to the feather" means boiling it till the sugar flies out like feathers when jerked out with a skimmer from the pan.

† "Boiling to the caramel" means till it snaps like glass, when a stick is dipped into water, then into the boiling sugar, then again into water.

ACID DROPS.

Boil 3 lbs of loaf sugar, 1 pint of water, and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to the caramel, add a few drops of essence of lemon, and pour it on an oiled marble slab or stone, sprinkle on it a tablespoonful of powdered tartaric acid and work it in. Oil a tin sheet, and put the sugar on it in a warm place, then cut off a small piece and soll it into a round pipe ; cut this into small pieces, the size of drops with a pair of scissors, and roll them round under the hand, mix with fine powdered sugar, lift the drops from it and put them in boxes, to be used as required.

PINE-APPLE DROPS.

Cut the half of a pine-apple into slices, drop them into a mortar, and pound them ; put the pulp into a cloth and extract the juice ; take as much sugar as will be required and boil it to the crack.* When the sugar is at the feather, commence to add the pine-apple juice, pour it on slowly, so that by the time the syrup is at the crack, it shall all be mixed in with the sugar. Finish as for barley sugar drops.

GINGER DROPS.

Make these after the same manner as barley sugar drops, in boiling the sugar, and flavour with a few drops of the essence of ginger just before the syrup is at the crack.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the

Indian Ladies' Magazine.

AN "ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN INDIA.

Madam,

In the course of the ungracious and even churlish criticism that one of your Hindu contemporaries indulged in on the appeal for financial support that was recently made by the National Indian Association, it remarked that the request could not have been made at a more inappropriate season than the present. Closely following upon this declaration, a Social Reform leader issued a catechism through public prints, and invited the views of educated Indians on the questions whether they were individually in favour of promoting social intercourse between Europeans in India and the sons of the soil, and if they were, what were the best means of promoting such intercourse. It is difficult to estimate the exact degree or manner in which the discrimination of the catechised was affected by the fulminations of your usually sober contemporary ; but I have not the least doubt that when your contemporary recovers from the excitement caused by the stirring incidents in upper India, and is in possession of its cooler judgment, it will be the first to realize that the good offices of institutions like the National Indian Association were never more urgently needed than to-day. There has been a very general feeling entertained by all competent observers that the cordiality that used to prevail between England's representatives in India and representative members of the Indian community a generation or more ago, has been on the wane, and there is no denying that he would deserve well of both communities who would bridge the gulf that has been widened by the regrettable events that have followed in quick succession in Hindustan.

It is a hard and profitless task to allot the two communities their respective proportion of blame for the present deplorable state of their social relations. It is frequently urged that so long as the Hindu continues to cherish those religious and other scruples that bar the exchange of the ordinary courtesies of social intercourse with the non-Hindu, there can be no real coming together between them. The Hindu entertainer, it is said, will not sit at the same festive board, as his European guest ; but it is permissible to ask if any extraordinary degree of cordiality distinguishes the social relations of Europeans and Indian Mahomedans who do not labour under this disability as to interdining. It must not be forgotten that the leaven of social intercourse, which has permeated all sections of educated Indians has made for the possibility of several things not dreamt of a couple of decades ago ; and besides a good deal can be achieved within the circumscribed limits existing at present, without doing violence to the caste and religious prejudices of the Hindu. One or two preconceptions need to be uprooted. There seems to be a widespread impression that a Hindu rarely calls upon a European if he does not hope to gain some ulterior object from the visit. That the European not infrequently greets his Indian visitor with the expression, "What can I do for you?" is indication enough that he has a lively remembrance of favours conferred in the past and that he apprehends the visit to be in quest of fresh benefits. Calling, for calling's sake should come into existence and be actively encouraged.

Another evil to be strenuously combated is that spirit of exclusiveness which is offensively displayed by certain specimens of the Anglo-Indian. In some mofussil stations, there are

* "Boiling sugar to the crack" means boiling it till the sugar cracks when a stick is dipped into water, then into the sugar, then into water again.

libraries managed by Europeans which are professedly open to the public but, in actual fact, it is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for the most unexceptionable of Indian gentlemen to gain admission into these " public" libraries. No one would fancy he had a grievance, were it not for the legend on the signboard describing the Institution to be benefit for the public. In this connection, attention may be drawn to the recent establishment at Calcutta of a club for the promotion of friendlier relations between Indians and Anglo-Indians. If this experiment should be attended with any degree of success, there is no reason why such mixed clubs should not spring into being in their myriads all over the country. Every district station is the head-quarters of nearly a dozen Europeans ; there are three or four members of the Civil Service, an Executive engineer, a Superintendent of Police, a District Medical Officer, superior officials of the Forest, Salt, and Abkâri Departments, besides missionaries and a stray representative or two of the non-official classes. In the large towns of the mofussil, there is no lack of cultured Indian gentlemen in whom the proverbial courtliness of Eastern manners is wedded to a high degree of Western education. Provided there is the will, there is hardly any doubt that every mofussil station of importance offers ample scope for the kindly efforts of those who would bring the two races together.

Improvements have to be made in one or two other directions. It is very rare that the Anglo-Indian thinks of calling on Indian gentlemen in their own homes, though they may occupy official or professional positions not inferior to his, and though he has no objection to their visiting him frequently at his house or office. The English visitor may not in some cases find his immediate surroundings of the kind he is accustomed to, but after the first call or two, things will right themselves and permit of his deriving real pleasure from the visit. Another reform that might be made to good purpose was mentioned to me the other day by a friend with whom I was discussing the present subject, and who illustrated the point by a concrete example. " Suppose a European District Judge", said my friend, " has obtained long leave or is retiring from the service, and the District Munsiffs and Subordinate Judges in the District naturally call upon him to pay their respects. To how many of these does he think of extending those marks of hospitality that would occur to him as a matter of course in the case of non-Indian visitors occupying the same relation to him ? It is not that he fears his hospitality would be refused, owing to caste scruples ; it is merely that he has not spent " any thought upon the subject ." There is a considerable element of truth in this complaint, for, as I have said already, social reform has spread in India to such an extent that the odds are the Judge's visitor would welcome the offer of a bottle of aerated water, though he may think twice before accepting a cup of tea. The solution of the great inter-racial social problem of India lies partly also in the hands of English ladies, who, if they choose, could lighten the bonds between the two communities by interesting themselves in their Indian sisters to a greater degree than at present. In conclusion, I trust I need offer no apology for having deemed it more useful to offer these practical suggestions rather than indulge in a discourse on the psychology of sympathy and kindred elusive subjects.

T. V. S.

Editorial Note.

Mrs. D. W. Kamalakar, a Hindu lady L. M. & S. of Madras.

It is with great pleasure that we give our readers, in our frontispiece, a photo of Mrs. Kamalakar, a charming Hindu lady of Bombay, who has just completed her course of the L. M. and S. of Madras. She has done so under the most difficult circumstances, and we heartily congratulate her on her success and on the undaunted and determined stand she made against all the troubles which threatened to overwhelm her at one period of her career. She completed her Marathi education to the highest standard when she was scarcely 11 years old. She was taught English at home from her 9th year and by the time she completed her Marathi course, she knew how to read and write English fairly well. It was not a regular school course that she had then. Seeing that she was very intelligent, her parents sent her as a resident student to the High School for Native Girls, Poona, which was just then opened by Government to educate exclusively Hindu girls. It is noticeable that she was the first Hindu girl, who Matriculated from that school in the Bombay Presidency. She had been married by this time and soon after her examination her first child was born and this was a great hindrance to her further studies. It was her great desire to know everything in detail of the human body and to know fully of the wonderful drugs which cure diseases.

She picked up her alphabet from the letters of these drugs when she was very young and not from the First primer. But her desire to study medicine was still further impeded by the birth of her second child. Nevertheless, she made one or two attempts to study at the Grant Medical College, Bombay. But owing to her ill-health she could not do much there beyond passing the Preliminary Examination in solids and fluids of the Bombay University. Soon after this she was very ill and was asked by the doctor to go to a drier climate. Madras was chosen and the young mother in her delicate health with her two little ones and her husband came down to Madras. But now another fresh difficulty arose in that her husband's work was at Bombay. She wrote an application to the Government of Madras for him to be transferred to Madras ; but nothing was done for her for some months, when her request was finally granted.

It took Mrs. Kamalakar some months to regain her lost health. She then commenced her studies in the local Medical College and was given the Kripabai Satthianadhan scholarship for being the only Hindu lady student there. When the time arrived, however, Mrs. Kamalakar's application was not forwarded to the local University for admission to the 1st L. M. and S. Examination, on the ground that she was not an F.A. But she undauntedly set herself to remove this difficulty by applying herself to her F.A. studies. Every thing had to be studied afresh. At first she studied privately, but afterwards had a regular course at the Church of Scotland Mission College, Madras. Finally, she passed the F.A. and then she had to recommence the Medical course from the very commencement. Again, the scholarship was renewed to her, which during the interval had been withheld in abeyance for her. Henceforth her course was a difficult one. She had to get up very early in the morning and attend the Hospital practice. There she had a kind word for each of her patients. I never knew an occasion when she hurt anybody's feelings either at home or outside. After the Hospital practice was over, about 10 A.M., or so, she would attend College classes and take notes of the lectures and then would return home quite tired at about five o'clock in the evening. She would not rest, however, but would see to the proper cooking of the only meal she enjoyed in the company of her small family ; attend to her garden and then see to her children and play with them for some time or chat with her husband. Then she would sit at nights to study. This continued for a period of nearly five years. Yet, withal she did well in her studies. She stood first in some of the vast subjects she studied, such as Chemistry Physiology, Surgery and minor Surgery, and first-class Honorary certificates were awarded to her by the College authorities. It was a happy day for the brave lady when eventually her hard labours were rewarded and she passed her final examination. She took her degree of L. M. and S. at the supplementary convocation on 25th April, 1907. She is now preparing to start for England, in order that she may obtain one or two English qualifications her chief object being to make a special study of the diseases of women and children. We wish this charming and noble lady every success and hope that she may come back soon to be a real benefit to the women of her native land. It is Indian ladies like herself, who are the real social reformers of India.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

SRIMATI MAHA DEVI,

Lady Superintendent of the Kanya Pathshala, Dehra Dun.

Srimati Maha Devi is the second daughter of Ra Sohn Lall, late Translator to the Government of the Lower Provinces, a distinguished Oriental scholar and a veteran Educationalist.

She was born in 1878 and was educated entirely at home, though for a short while she was taught by a European lady of the Calcutta Zenana Mission, with whom she went through her first book in English and a little needle work Studying at home with her two brothers and assisted by her father, she was able in 1889 to appear for the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University, but unfortunately failed.

Being married early, she had to join her husband, Baboo Joti Swarup Sahib, a pleader in Dehra Dun, who was just then making his way up to that position of affluence and influence which he has now reached, being at the present moment a big landed proprietor. While attending to her household duties she yet continued her studies, especially in English and Sanskrit, in which languages she has now attained very high culture ; her proficiency in the latter being especially remarkable.

A short while after her arrival in Dehra Dun she applied to the Calcutta University to make arrangements for her to be examined for the Entrance Examination. The university was unable, however, to make suitable arrangements, and Srimati Maha Devi had reluctantly to give up all idea of obtaining the "Cachet" of an Entrance Examination certificate. From the commencement of her life as a wife, this lady's tastes continued to be entirely literary—she essayed to make her debut among her co-religionists as an author in her mother tongue Hindi, and met with great success. Her Poem "Barahmassa," or the song of the seasons, is very well-known and admired.

Very early in life she became imbued with the thoughts of her father and brothers and this influence continued when she joined her husband in Dehra Dun, for the father retiring on a well-earned pension, came to live here and being constantly with her husband, conversation was daily on the subject of the shortcomings of Hindu wives and mothers in the matter of education. Fully recognising the truth of the saying that "she who rocks the cradle rules the world," Srimati Maha Devi felt impelled to make a move and the outcome of her desires has been the institution of "The Kanya Pathshala for Girls," which she opened on the 15th September, 1902, and which like all undertakings had a small beginning with six little girls, mostly from the family. The school is entirely Indian managed; it has a boarding-house and boarders; Indian ladies of education from Madras and Bengal have joined the Lady Superintendent; and now its boarding-house has drawn pupils from distant parts of India. There were 21 boarders in the school and 80 pupils, including day scholars this year, and within 18 months of its inception the Government Inspector of Schools on inspecting the institution described it "as an unique and interesting experiment such as would serve to show the way to Government Schools." That the educated Indian has become so advanced even in isolated cases, as this institution proves, as to give his girls to strangers to educate and rear on principles known to his forefathers in the dim centuries, portrayed in the Vedas and Smrities, and forgotten now, that he has broken through the barriers of caste prejudice and narrow-mindedness in respect to the education of his daughters, is a very big stride towards an educated enlightened India full of the arts and sciences of the Western world but built on Eastern philosophy and religion which is the dream of all thinking and enlightened Indians of to-day.

Given an educated and enlightened mother in an Indian home, the environment must tend to the improvement of the children who should and cannot help but be better members of society. It is not impossible that with such institutions, private and Government, scattered over India, a remarkable change will be effected in Indian homes within the next half century. Purdah and prejudice, must vanish and Indian girls will then be seen in English homes and *vice versa*, and this social inter-communion of the two races in society, which will only then be possible, will tend more than centuries of good government to make the rulers and ruled akin in thought, endeavour and aspiration: in a word at the portals of this Pathshala of Dehra Dun one sees the dawn of a new life for the Indian woman—a life of activity, freedom and happiness. May she then, with all the power of doing good, advance her nation, as now her Western sister does, remembering that in the words of Ruskin, "the path of a good woman is strewn with flowers which grow after she has passed," so that in her vocation she must remember that working for the regeneration of her people she must look for little reward here below.

The religious views of Srimati MahaDevi are entirely Vaidic, the central idea of the belief being "service to all," irrespective of creed or colour. In her song of "Barahmassa" she has given expression to the Vedantic view of life, and her belief is of only one existence without a second. That such tenets can beget the self-sacrifice and work now being done by this lady will for a moment startle the Western mind buoyed up in its troubles, trials and temptations with the belief in a future life of bliss as a reward for good done here. Yet we find this good lady's religious views amply expressed by more than one Western poet. Has not Wordsworth written:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness.
And not in utter nakedness.
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home—"

And so, steeped in Eastern philosophy and Western lore, this good Indian lady has only one ambition, which may yet impel her to throw off the restraint of the *purdah* in order to teach India's daughters the value of education for Indian girls. Surrounded with every comfort, a loving husband who is proud of her, a kind father always near to advise her, her husband's purse ever ready to advance the cause she has at heart, Srimati Maha Devi lives her life which is almost conventual at present in her home and in the Pathshala which adjoins.

The Government, recognising the merit of this pioneer among Indian ladies, has decorated her with the silver medal of the Kaisir-i-Hind and in March 1906, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales recognising the endeavours of the Lady Superintendent and their value in advancing the Indian nation, honoured the Pathshala with a visit.—The *Hindustani Review*.

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THE VIRESALINGAM WIDOWS' HOME AND ORPHANAGE, MANGALORE.—An interesting ceremony and one which deserves to be widely noticed, took place at Kadri, a charming spot near Mangalore, on the evening of the 5th ultimo, when our worthy Collector, Khan Sahib M. Azizuddin Sahib Bahadur, opened the Viresalingam Widows' Home and Orphanage, Mangalore. Among those present were Miss M. Beck and Messrs. A. J. Lobo, B.A., B.L., U. C. Krishna Bhatt, B.A., B.L., A. Srinivasa Pai, K. Ramanatha Pai, B. A., M. L., M. Venkatappa, B. A., M. Damodhara Kini, M. A., L. T., P. N. Bhandarkar, B. A., Anantha Padmanabha Iyer, B. A., L. T., Adige Srinivasa Rau, D. Vas, P. Gopala Naik. U. Venkataramanaya, and many others. The modest building which is to form the nucleus of the local habitation of the institution is the gift to the public of our patriotic citizen, Mr. P. Ramachandra Rau. Mr. Ramachandra Rau is well known in our district and even outside for his zeal, earnestness and self-sacrifice in the cause of social reform. He is a Shiyalli Brahmin or rather was, it is now some time since he accepted the Brahmo faith. Some years ago Mr. Ramachandra Rau married an accomplished younglady who in her childhood had been left an orphan and brought up by an esteemed country man and veteran reformer whose name the present institution bears. She was one of the best lady-teachers in the Northern Circars at the time Mr. Ramachandra Rau married her. In her he has found a true helpmate. The proceedings began with a few songs prettily sung by Miss Padmavatti, the charming little five years old daughter of Mr. Ramachandra

Rau. Mr. Ramachandra Rau then followed with a speech in which he dwelt on the miseries endured by the widows and orphans under the present Hindu social system, spoke of the necessity for organized effort to relieve them, and deplored the lack of moral courage among the educated Hindus. The Collector, who opened the institution, in the course of his speech, said :—

I think that you all agree with me that Mr. P. Ramachandra Rau deserves every praise for his philanthropy in having established this home for the benefit of the orphans and the widows of South Canara. I have come across very few people of Mr. Ramachandra Rao's bent of mind who, though not in very affluent circumstances, by perseverance and self-sacrifice try to impart some measure of happiness of the unfortunate poor and the helpless around them. What can be nobler than protecting the orphan and the destitute widow? In every religion, and from time immemorial, these have been considered the most deserving objects of charity. Referring to orphans Plato has said : " A man should love the unfortunate orphan of whom he is guardian as if he were his own child. He should be as careful and diligent in the management of the orphan's property as of his own or even more careful still." The Arabian prophet's appeal onbehalf of the orphans is remarkably earnest. He refers to himself and exclaims that Providence made him an orphan to enable him to feelingly realize the position of an orphan and warns his followers by impressing upon them that an orphan's affliction results in the trembling of Heaven. Sadi, the great Asiatic poet, imploringly observes " when there is a melancholy stricken orphan before you, abstain from laying a kiss on the face of your own child." The Koran makes charity to orphans compulsory and doubtless there are similar commandments in all other religions. The case of the widows, especially of destitute Hindu widows, is, perhaps, worse still. The Hindu social laws as they now stand render them peculiarly unfortunate. By way of illustration I would quote Mr. Ramachandra Rau's own words. He writes, a short account of his life and works furnished to me, as follows :—"I was very much attached to a sister of mine who lost her husband when she was very young. She cried for my help. I pitied her. Subsequently I was sent with her along with a barber to a distant waterfall near a forest for the disfigurement ceremony. All along she was crying, but when the tuft fell, she took it up with her both hands and rubbing it over her face uttered a shrill cry which being re-echoed from the forest pierced my heart." Such are the painful ordeals patiently undergone by Hindu widows and anything done to alleviate the unbearable sufferings of these unfortunates is worthy of every praise and encouragement. I hope Mr. Ramachandra Rau's Orphanage and Widows' Home will receive the generous support of the leading inhabitants of this district and that in the near furture its sphere of usefulness will be further enhanced and that it will become an attractive asylum to every helpless orphan and destitute widow in the district. Gentlemen, there is no lack of charity in India, but the charity is not discriminative, in consequence of which no permanent good results to the country. If Indian charity were properly regulated, I think it would be quite easy to establish a really good orphanage and widows' home in every district in India. Mr. Ramachandra Rau's orphanage which is intended for all communities has already commenced to prove itself useful. Lately, I had on my hands an infant aged 5 or 6 months whose parents belonging to Hindu nationality had died in the plague camp. It was my desire to find out some Hindu family disposed to take charge of the child but my enquiries proved fruitless. At last I was very much pleased when Mr. Ramachandra Rau came forward to take charge of the child and to bring it up in his Orphanage. Now, gentlemen, it only remains to congratulate Mr. Ramachandra Rau on the success of his endeavours in establishing in this orphanage and widows' home to be called Viresalingam Orphanage and Widows' Home. I wish a successful career to it, and trust that the founder will receive the encouragement he so well deserves in his labour of love. The Viresalingam Orphanage and Widows' Home are now declared open.

At the close, Miss Beck paid Rs. 5, and Mr. Krishna Bhatt promised to pay yearly 3 murehs of rice for 5 years in aid of the newly opened Institution.

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Education in Baroda :—We have already given a brief outline of the report of the administration of the Baroda State for the year ended July last. The portion of it connected with education, however, deserves a somewhat more detailed consideration. Mr. R. C. Dutt deals with this subject at considerable length and we make no apology for making copious extracts from his report. The system of public instruction in Baroda, we are told, is based on a liberal policy and combines both efficiency and sympathy. English is taught in twenty-five institutions, *viz.*, 1 Arts College, 5 High Schools, 14 Government Anglo-Vernacular Schools and 5 Grant-in-aid Schools. For vernacular education there are in the State over 660 institutions. The total expenditure of the Education Department is over 7 lacs of Rupees, or about 5 per cent. of the revenues of the State, while, the British Indian Government cannot spare even one per cent. for the purpose. His Highness gives Rs. 8,000 annually to different educational institutions out of his private purse The State bears the expenses of the education of five students in foreign countries who are learning several technical and industrial subjects in these countries. There is a Female Training College in Baroda and the State gives several scholarships. Special subjects, like Lace-making, Embroidery, Drawing, Practical Cookery and Needlework, are taught in the female schools. 97 girls are learning English. Besides the regular schools, Zenana classes have been opened as a supplement to the Girls' schools, and there are ladies' clubs which tend to the mental and moral improvement of the women.

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While the proposed Alexandra High School for Indian girls is still in the embryo, we are glad to find that a few European ladies in Lahore have anticipated the whole scheme and started a school near Nila Gumban for the education of non-Christian " high class ladie's daughters." The situation, we learn from the prospectus, is central and healthy. The institution is housed in the compound of Holy Trinity Church, opposite

Mul Chand's shop, and imparts instruction up to the middle standard. A glance at the fees, however, shows that "high class ladies' daughters" is taken to mean rich men's daughters. The tuition fee for Kindergaren is Rs. 2-8-0 per mensem, that for the Primary Department is Rs. 5, while it is Rs. 7 for the Middle Department, but we are told that if "more than one of a family join the school, the charge will be full fees for the first child, and half for every other child except the Kindergarten, when full fees will be charged." We are also assured that special reduction will be made for those not able to meet the heavy expenditure. In our opinion, however, it would be much better to fix a lower rate of fees. This will enable a larger number of scholars to study in the school and add its popularity. It would be advisable to transfer the school from the compound of Holy Trinity Church to some other place. The school, we are informed, has the Director's sympathy, and will ere long be affiliated to the Educational Department.

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Dr. Miss Dhunbai Maneckji Carsetji Cama, who arrived from England recently holds the degrees of L. R. C. P. and L. R. C. S. (Edin.), and L. F. P. S. (Glasgow). She also holds a certificate from Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital and another for the Post-graduate course in Gynecology at the London Royal Frere Hospital for Women. She is the grand-daughter of the late Mr. Cursetji Noshirwanji Cama, a well-known patron of education and one of the distinguished pioneers of social reform among Parsis. She passed her Matriculation Examination from the Alexandra Institution and joined the Grant Medical College, whence she proceeded to England for further studies.

Dr. Miss Korshed Sorabji Kanga, of Hyderabed, has also returned to Bombay after completing a course of two years' study in medicine in London. She holds the triple diploma of the University of Edinburgh.

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The second report of the Anglo, Vernacular Girls-School, at Hyderabad, which has just been issued, is a record of satisfactory work done, and of good progress made. The number of girls rose from 58 to 110, and the management has been compelled to refuse other applications owing to the want of sufficient accommodation. It is a sign of the change in the attitude towards female education that the charging of fees has proved no bar to the school's expansion, but on the contrary has increased the interest taken by the parents in the girls' education. The subjects of study are English, Hindi, music, needlework, drawing, physical training, and a beginning has been made in nursing and hygiene. This last is a most important subject, and we are glad to see it has been taken up in earnest. Unfortunately the school, which was started by a few individuals and wholly supported by them for a time, is much in need of funds. An encouraging response has been received from many quarters to certain appeals, but there is need for more help if the good work is to be carried on. The most urgent need is suitable house accommodation. One friend of the institution has promised to provide the funds to build one wing, and the smallest sums will be gratefully received from any who are sufficiently interested in Hindu female education to help to build the other. The institution has been well reported on by the Collector of Hyderabad and the Educational Inspector and Inspectress in Sind. We commend this deserving institution to the generosity of the public.

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NAYAR LADIES TO THE FRONT.—A Nayar writes:—The Elementary Choir Examination of the London School of Music was held in the local Girls' Colleg on Wednesday the 12th ultimo, under the superintendency of Miss L. M. Yardley. 17 students (14 Christian and 3 Nayar ladies), appeared and all of them came out successful. While congratulating all of them on their success, I have to specially mention the case of the Nayar ladies—J. Rugmini Amma of Palavangady, M. Chellamma of Manakad and L. Chellamma of Cantonment—who deserve special encouragement at the hands of the Government by way of scholarships. The fact, that English Music has not yet become as popular as it ought to be among the Nayar ladies of Travancore, is not a hopeful sign of the times inasmuch as female education in all its other branches has already taken a firm root among them. It is, therefore, high time that something is done by the Government in the matter, and I am sure Miss Watts, the Music Teacher, who deserves great credit, will fall in with my views.—*W.S.*

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We heartily congratulate Babu Dabendra Chunder Ghose, Senior Government Pleader, Alipore, on the exemplary moral courage which he has shown in the matter of the re-marriage of his widowed daughter, who lost her first husband shortly after her marriage and when she was a mere girl. Our congratulations are no less due to the happy bridegroom, Dr. S. K. Bose, M. D., (Chicago) a rising Homeopathic Practitioner of this city, who comes of one of the most respectable Kayestha families of Calcutta. Among those who attended the wedding were Sir Chadra Madhab Ghose. The Hon'ble Justice Asutosh Mukerjee, Mr. T. Palit, Babu Asutosh Biswas and others. May the Almighty shower his choicest blessing upon the happy pair.—The *Bengalee.*

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Satisfactory progress was made by the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya, Jullundar, during the year ending March 1906. There were 166 scholars on the roll. A special feature of the training imparted to the girls is native music which is taught by a Pandit. This cultivation of an indigenous fine art is really commendable. We would like to see it adopted by other educational institutions. The most devoted worker here is Shrimati Savitri Devi. Her earnest application to work and lecturing tours in Southern India have not been without their effect in ameliorating the condition of the women of this country. That institution depends on several funds, which, however, are not ample. With more extensive endowments the Vidyalaya should become a centre of benevolent activities directed to the improvement especially of the condition of that skeleton in the national cupboard, the Indian widow. Fit the widow for the right place in our domestic economy, and you have won half the battle of life for the country.

From the following paragraph *anent* the Jubilee celebrations at Baroda says the *Indian Christian,*

we gather that an excellent work is being done by Miss Mary Bhore, the daughter of Rao Saheb Bhore, of Poona. A son of this retired Government official is, we believe, a member of the Indian Civil Service. Miss Bhore pr mises to make a great reputation in educational work among girls in her Presidency, as is evident from this appreciative account which appeared in one of the Bombay papers :—"Afterwards came some songs, recitations, musical drill by the girls, a march by the boys. The most valuable feature in the morning proceedings was the superlative excellence of the training of the girls. Miss Bhore, who was trained at Oxford, evidently had strong ideas of the value of polishing until you have everything perfect. Certainly she had polished her girls this morning, and they did her great credit. Especially good were Miss Bhandarkar, the daughter of the Chief Justice, who recited the Address of Welcome, and the daughter of the Assistant Khangi Karbhari, who delivered some lines from Tennyson's 'Princess.'"

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All who have read the graceful verse of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, published a couple of years ago by Mr. Heinemann in a volume entitled, "The Golden Threshold," will be interested to learn that these Indian lyrics have been set to music by Mme. Liza Lehmann, the composer of a song-cycle drawn from Fitz-Gerald's version of Omar Khayyam. Mme. Lehmann's success in dealing with the Persian poet marked her out as the fit interpreter of the lyrics of the Indian poetess, and judging from criticisms of the recent concert in Queen's Hall, she seems to have caught the spirit of Mrs. Naidu's verse very felicitously. Mr. Arthur Symons, who wrote an introduction to Mrs. Naidu's poems on their publication, and who is a subtle critic of music as well as of literature, writes in the *Saturday Review* of the "appropriateness, sincerity and charm" of Mme. Lehmann's settings of "The Golden Threshold."

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Mrs. A. Guruswami, who was for some time acting Headmistress of the Government Girls' School, has been selected by Miss C. M. Lynch, Inspectress of Girls' Schools, to act as Headmistress, Girls' School, Palghat. She is the only lady that has come to the front from her community. She belongs to the Vellala caste, and is the daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Appavu Pillay who was for many years a Magistrate in the District.

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SOCIAL CONFERENCE :—The following are the Resolutions passed at the Tenth Madras Provincial Social Conference, held at Vizagapatam on the 9th ultimo, with Mr. Subramania Iyer, Sub-Judge, Cocanada, in the Chair.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

That this Conference regrets that the education of women is not making rapid progress, and impresses on all interested in the advancement of the Hindu community the necessity of taking earnest steps for its spread.

AGE OF MARRIAGE.

That this Conference reiterates its emphatic conviction that no amelioration in the condition of Hindu society is possible so long as the pernicious custom of premature marriage is permitted to prevail. In the opinion of the Conference at all events, marriageable age of girls should be raised to at least to 12 and that of boys to at least 18.

FUSION OF SUB-CASTES.

That this Conference urges that the existing restrictions on inter-dining and inter-marriage among the various sub-castes should be speedily removed as the progress of Hindu society is considerably hindered hereby.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

That this Conference urges that no difficulties should be placed in the way of the re-admission into society of Hindus who visit foreign countries as over-sea to foreign lands have become absolutely necessary for national progress in almost every sphere.

ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD.

That this Conference again draws attention to the injustice and the practical evils of the custom of enforced widowhood and urges that it should be discountenanced at least in the case of girl-widows.

ELEVATION OF LOW-CASTES.

That this Conference most earnestly calls upon all enlightened Hindus to accelerate in all possible ways the social amelioratien of the depressed castes.

KANYASULKAM AND VARASULKAM.

That this Conference views with great disfavour the practices of "Kanyasulkam" and "Varasulkam" which degrade marriage to a mercenary transaction, and calls upon the Hindus to di courage them by all possible means.

DISFIGUREMENT OF GIRL-WIDOWS.

That this Conference strongly reprobates the cruel practice of disfigurement of Hindu widows even before they pass the stage girlhood, and calls upon all caste and reform organisations as well as the religious heads of community, to arrange for the infliction of social penalties on those responsible for such practice.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND SOCIAL PURITY.

That this Conference insists, as a condition precedent of all progress, on the necessity of total abstinence of purity, individual and social.

News and Notes.

Miss Bhicaji L. Palamkote who is a well-known Parsi authoress, has been awarded a Gold Medal for the best Exhibit of Venetian lace in the last Industrial Exhibition held at Calcutta. Miss Palamkote wins the first prize which is a Gold Medal awarded by Her Highness the Maharani of Hatwa.

* * *

Miss K. Janaki, a Tiyya lady Matriculate, has recently been entertained as a clerk in the Tellicherry Post Office. This is the first time a Malayali lady has joined the Postal Department.

Among the recipients this year of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal of the First Class are Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, and Mrs. A. B. Sheppard of the Lady Minto Indian Nursing Association. The Kaiser-i-Hind of the Second Class has been conferred on Miss S. S. Hewbetz of the Zenana Medical Mission, Amritsar.

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The freedom of the city of Dumferline, the birthplace of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the reputed multi-millionaire was publicly presented by the Provost, in the Margaret Hall, to Mrs. Carnegie, this being the first instance of the honour being conferred on a lady, though the annals of the city go back to 800 years.

* * *

His Highness Sri Bhagavat Singh, Thakore Sahib of Gondal (who is now staying in London with his family) by taking his wife to England some years ago, established a precedent, for never before had the Rani of an Indian ruling chief ventured to overcome her caste prejudices and cross the "Kala pani."

* * *

"George Eliot" (Mary Anne Evans) died in 1880, and more than 26 years after her demise the first memorial of her in the district in which she was born in 1819 has just been completed. It takes the form of a granite pillar— with an inscription recording the date of her birth, death, etc., and the words, "Lest we forget,"—erected near her birth-place in Arbory Park by Mr. F. A. Nawdigate.

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Lord Ampthill presided at the Annual Meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association, Princess Henry of Battenberg was also present. Lord Ampthill said that while soldiers and sailors did great work for their country, it was not more heroic than the work of the nurses who went out to tend the sick where there was no medical attendant.

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A committee of the Texas Legislature has investigated the condition of penitentiary convicts and made some painful discoveries regarding the women. They found about one hundred female convicts, mostly coloured women, who were worked upon and compelled to perform all manner of heavy labour, "out of all proportion to their health and strength." When not at work, the women are crowded into an ordinary board building that does not protect them from the cold in winter or the heat in summer, or furnish them with any comfort on Sundays or at other times when not at work. The committee has protested against this condition as a disgrace to the State.

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Cornelia Fitzgerald, the beautiful and brilliant daughter of the late Bishop Fitzgerald, was a sweet singer, beloved by multitudes who had heard her. She died in her early youth, and is buried on the island of Penang. Penang in 1785 was given to an English sea captain as a marriage portion with the king of Keddah's daughter. During 1898, 5,114 ships touched at this romantic and picturesque little island, which is in the very middle of the great roadway of the nations. No ship passes around the world, either eastward or westward, without stopping there. At the Fitzgerald memorial service, W. B. Palmore of the St. Louis Christian Advocate urged the erection of a monument over Cornelia Fitzgerald's grave. There was a warm response. Contributions, not to exceed a dollar apiece from adults or ten cents apiece from children, will be collected by churches and Christian Endeavour societies and sent to W. B. Palmore, 1414 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Mrs. William Starling Burgess, of Boston, is a regularly licensed Pilot. She went before the board of steamboat inspectors of the regular second class examination, met all the requirements and secured the certificate of navigation. Mrs. Burgess, will aid her husband, Designer Burgess, in using a small steamer. Miss Morgan of Philadelphia and Mrs. Henry E. Converse are two other women in the United States who have licenses.

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That the Fins are far ahead of several larger and more talked—of nations is apparent in their school system, whose crowning point is the University of Helsingfors, with over a dozen lyceums and polytechnic schools. To all of these women are admitted. The nation has always had a passionate love for their country and for freedom. The men have a reputation for honesty, uprightness and generosity; they have always respected and esteemed women, and their action in asking for woman suffrage is in keeping with their character. There is no doubt men and women will work together to their mutual benefit.—*Springfield Republic.*

* * *

The woman suffrage experiment in Finland is unique and most remarkable. Finland might in some respects be likened to Scotland. It is a counrty larger than the British Isles, with a population of about two millions of hardy, industrious and intelligent people. It has a good school system and to all its higher schools and its University, women are admitted; so that there is no lack of education to fit the sex for suffrage and for the duties of office. If the experiment succeeds in Finland, it will be likely to give an impetus to the woman suffrage movement in the more advanced European States as well in America. The "suffragettes" may even yet get the ear of Parliament.—*Portland (Ne.) Express.*

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Mrs. Oscar Straus, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is the first Jewess to appear in the Cabinet circle. She is described as a beautiful woman, with cordial manners, who does not look old enough to be the mother of two married daughters. She is a noted philanthropist, especially in work for Jewish girls and women. She and her husband are both of them fond of collecting rare pottery and porcelains.

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Miss Anna T. Jeanes of Philadelphia has created an endowment fund of $ 1,000,000 in perpetuity, the income from which is to be applied toward the maintenance and assistance of elementary schools for Negroes in the Southern States. It is said to be by far the largest single gift for public elementary school purposes ever given by any philanthropist in the country. Miss Jeanes is eighty-four years of age, and is one of the few survivors of a prominent family of friends. She built and endowed the Home for Aged

Hicksite Friends, and has given largely to Friends' school, and societies, her benefactions amounting to over a million dollars.

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Mrs. L. A. Coonley Ward of Chicago has received from Henry S. Hubbell, the artist, a picture postal card showing one of the women cab-drivers of Paris, an ex-countess. Mr. Hubbell has written on the back: "The women cab-drivers are so successful that young men cab-drivers have taken to shaving, and wearing hats and coats like them, to attract customers. They add novelty to the Paris streets." Mrs. Ward, with her friends, Mrs. Wilmarth and Miss Kellogg, will sail on the steamer "Finland" for Antwerp, May 18. They expect to visit Norway, Sweden, Germany, France and other countries. It is especially appropriate that suffragists should take a steamer called the "Finland."

* * *

Mary Lake, mat on of a children's home in Exmouth, England, was lately indicted for "wilfully neglecting and ill-treating ten children placed under her care," because she fed them on a vegetarian diet. It was shown that she gave them stewed prunes with sago, groats, honey and Quaker oats, and occasionally oranges, apples, bananas, figs, macaroni, cheese and tomatoes, with potatoes and milk puddings, but no meat or eggs. Mrs. Lake maintained that the diet was nourishing; a doctor approved, and a visit proved the house to be well kept, the children clean and happy. Still the unfortunate Mrs. Lake was harried in court and might have fared ill, but for the kind offices of Lady Iddesleigh.

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The Japanese Government, with a view to bring the nation on a level with other civilised countries, sent a large number of Japanese students to different centres of learning in Europe and America. The Chinese Government is fired with a similar ambition, but it has gone one better in this respect. The Chinese Imperial Commission has made a special study of the institutions of advanced learning and by direction of the Empress, three Chinese women are now numbered among the students at Wells College, at Aurora, *N. Y.* The women, who are from the noblest families of China, will study the English language and its literature. Their coming is the first experiment of the kind decided upon by the high authorities in China. If it turns out successful, others will follow.

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Seven and a-half dollars was the sum recently paid to an English factory girl as compensation for the loss of two of her fingers. The story is told in "Charities" by Miss Alice Henry of the British Women's Trade Union League, to illustrate the importance of the league's legal department: "The girl accepted the offer of the employer's-pleasant speaking business agent, while a fellow employee, who sustained a similar injury at the same machine, got 1,800. She refused to deal with the agent and took advantage of the services of the league's lawyers."

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A correspondent writes to the *Sind Journal* as follows :—"At a place situated in one of the secluded parts in the Karachi District, I chanced to have quite an interesting experience this year. An old woman, appearing to be in her seventies, made her appearance. She appeared to possess intelligence quite about the village woman, and in spite of her old age, could ride a pony. This old creature is in possession of a document which thousands of people all the world over would give fortunes to possess. It is a letter written in the hand of our late Queen. A quarter of a century ago, this old creature set out for England with the object of seeing the Queen. She begged her passage, got to England, and after a good many difficulties, without knowing a word of the English language, managed to have a petition written out for her in English. Armed with this, she one day laid herself before the Queen, as Her Majesty was about to drive out, and by signs expressed her desire to present the petition, which permission was graciously accorded. The Queen then wrote a few words on a note paper bearing the Royal watermark, to the effect that she had seen the Indian beggaress, who was an interesting parsonage. Her Majesty then arranged for the woman's passage back to Karachi. On arriving in Sind the old woman made an exhibition of the document before the local authorities, who have given her land about 209 acres in area. This she has cultivated very diligently and sedulously, and is all she possesses. She commands respect in her own society, and her family is of quite large dimensions, and consists of children and grandchildren. She is small in stature and has rather nice, refined features. She appears to be quite conscious of her own superiority to her immediate surroundings, and in conversation never speaks in the feminine gender, but uses masculine inflexions and the same terms as a well-established Zemindar would use. The document she carefully preserves in a small tin tube. It is an interesting narrative she has to tell."

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When the steamer *Oanfa*, of the China Mutual Navigation Company, arrived at San Francisco from Yokohama and the health officers proceeded to fumigate the vessel, the officials heard sneazing repeated many times apparently among the cargo. Investigation was made and six large packing-cases were discovered to contain each a Japanese girl. They were amply supplied with food and water for the voyage and beyond being a little cramped for room were fairly comfortable. The cases had been placed on the main deck where plenty of air was circulating.

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Six thousand women from all classes competed for the title of the most beautiful woman in Chicago. Miss Carson, who was adjudged the winner, is a stenographer, earning some twelve dollars a week, and her photograph was submitted to the judges without her being aware of the fact. The competition arose uot of a bet of 50,000 dollars a side, one of these interested wagering that there were no beautiful women west of the Alleghanies. Twenty-five thousand dollars were spent in advertising for photos of the "fairest of the fair," and another twenty five thousand were paid by the "Chicago Tribune" for the copyright of all photographs submitted. Miss Carson received 300 offers of marriage within a week of the announcement of her success, but has declined them. Artists models and professional beauties were barred, but the judges assert that even if they had been

allowed to compete Miss Carson would have carried off the prize.

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Miss A. C. Maitland, Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, died recently at the age of fifty-seven. Her public work began again in connection with the Liverpool Domestic Science Training School, and she acted for fifteen years as Examiner for the National Union of Schools of Domestic Economy, publishing several works on this department of women's education. In 1889 Miss Maitland was appointed Principal of Somerville College, which has prospered under her management, the number of students having increased from thirty-five to eighty-three.

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Miss Maude Elsie Wall has been selected by the Burmah Government for nomination for the new English scholarship of £200 a year, tenable for four years in Europe. This scholarship has been established by the Government of India to enable selected scholars of the domiciled European and Eurasian community to pursue their studies beyond the standard of high school education. Miss Wall was educated entirely in the Diocesan High School for Girlsl Rangoon, which she entered in the Kindergarten class about ten years ago. She left the school last December having passed the Final English Schoo, Examination Code, and having won a High School scholarship with which she goes on to the Government Normal Training School.

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A Hindu girl, named Bagbadini Debi, aged about 15 years, wife of a Babu, named Suresh Chunder Chuckerbutty, of Bhowanipuir, met with her death from suspected carbolic acid, poisoning. The girl, who was married two years ago, wanted to visit her mother, who was residing at Chandernagore, and as she was not allowed to do so by her husband and his people, became very despondent. One Saturday night she was taken seriously ill, having, it is alleged, swallowed a phial containing carbolic acid which was kept in the house for treating a little lad who was suffering from an abscess. The girl died shortly after removal to the Sambhu Nath Pandit Hospital.

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Mrs. Agnes L. Roesler is an official public instructor at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Multitudes come to the Museum who are ignorant, but want to learn. Mrs. Roesler takes them from case to case giving the history of the specimens Groups of school childern come to learn something of animal or insect life ; girls and boys who have read the Jungle Books come to see the white seal, mongoose, walrus and sea lion. The readers of Arctic adventures, the "Swiss Family Robinson," and the nature books of Dr. Charles Roberts and Ernest Thompson-Seton, want to see the birds and creatures they have read about. Sometimes a whole kindergarten flutters in, and then Mrs. Roesler entertains them with true stories. She also gives talks on natural history to classes, and is now delivering a series of lectures on the structure of birds to 100 fifteen-year old girls. Private Schools and Women's Clubs and Young Women's Christian Associations come in groups. The hardest to entertain are mothers from the slums. It is not that they lack interest, but they do not understand easily.

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At the age of 83, Miss Annie Miller, the nurse who served in the Crimean war, and nursed the Duke of Edinburgh after he had been shot by O'Farrell in Sydney has just died at Melbourne.

* * *

Miss Marianne Farningham is probably the oldest woman journalist in England. She was writing for several magazines in 1855. She joined the staff of the Christian World when it was started in 1857, wrote for the first number, and has written for practically every number since.

* * *

Madame Paderewski, wife of the famous pianist, is a great poultry fancier. She is president of the Poultry Club of Switzerland. On her big poultry farm at Morges by lake Geneva, she keeps fourteen varieties of choice fowls. Paderewski himself is an enthusiastic poultry-fancier too.

* * *

Miss Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross in this country, expects to be at Terryville, Conn. on Memorial Day. With Judge Joseph Sheldon of New Haven, she will assist in the dedication of the Atwater memorial gun on the Green. Dorence Atwater rendered invaluable service during the Civil War by preserving the list of dead soldiers at Andersonville prison, and he assisted Miss Barton in her work of placing markers upon their graves.

* * *

Mrs. Huie Kin, the American wife of the Superintendent of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission at No. 29, West Ninth street, New York City, has been her husband's active associate in mission work among the Chinese of the city for the last eighteen years. She adds to the family income by renting rooms in her big house to various persons, including an American husband and wife, two or three young Chinamen and a Japanese, who are students at Columbia University. She assists regularly at the four or five services her husband holds on Sunday. She has from forty to fifty guests to dinner every Sunday. She is the leading spirit in a Woman's Club. She has kept her one servant—a German woman—for sixteen years. Last, but by no means least, she is the mother of nine children, and, in spite of her manifold cares, she is said to have kept young and to look not more than 35. Eleven years ago Mr. Huie brought over from China twenty young men in whom he and his wife have taken a personal interest. One will graduate this summer from the University of New York, and two others from the Art and Textile School in Philadelphia. Mrs. Huie warmly champions those of her husband's race who come from the families of farmers and scholars, and who willingly follow humble occupations in this country to earn the means to study and improve themselves.

* * *

Miss Minnie Hagmann, a sixteen-year old St. Louis girl, is a skilled blacksmith. Her father went in debt to buy his shop, and could not afford to hire an assistant. His daughter volunteered to help him. She soon mastered the art of shoeing horses, and then learned to build every part of a wagon. She likes the work, and her father is proud of her.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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